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THE BOOK OF JONAH.

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THE book of Jonah, though placed among the Prophets in the canon of the Old Testament, is not only unprophetic in its character, but contains a satire on the weakness of a prophet so trenchant and unsparing as to make it a matter of surprise that any place whatsoever should have been accorded to it in the sacred literature of a people by whom the prophet's function was held in such high esteem as we know it to have been with the Jews.

Whether history or fiction, the book is not only one of the most striking in the Old Testament, but one of the most beautifully significant in ancient literature. Unfortunately, its beauty and significance are lost to most readers, partly through familiarity with its contents acquired at an age too early for intelligent enjoyment, and partly through the ghostly and repulsive character given to the Bible by false views of its original purpose, which rob it of the purely human interest felt in other writings. These are reasons that apply to all the books of the Old and New Testaments. But beside

these the book of Jonah has sustained an additional damage from the improbability, not to say impossibility, of one of the circumstances related in it, namely, that of the sea-monster in whose belly the prophet is said to have lain three days and thence to have escaped unharmed. This seems to be all that most people remember about Jonah — the only association they have with the name. The impression of that monster, commonly but absurdly called a whale, in consequence of a mis-translation of the word used in a reference to the story in the New Testament, — the impression of that monster has swallowed the rest of the book of Jonah as effectually as the actual monster is said to have done the unfortunate hero of the story. Indeed, more so, since the ideal monster has not disgorged again, as the actual one did its victim. Thus it has come to pass that, with the exception of those who piously receive every word of the Bible as written by God, and therefore not amenable to criticism, the story of "Jonah and the whale" has passed into a joke, and that joke is all that remains and all that bears witness to the common mind of this remarkable book.

A strong sense of the infelicity of this result, and the consequent want of a true appreciation of this ancient apologue, for such I incline to regard it, prompts the following attempt to place the book in a clearer and worthier light.

It is to be observed in the first place that the book of Jonah serves as the setting to a splendid hymn, a lyric outpouring which ranks with the noblest in that class of productions so characteristic of Hebrew literature. The hymn is this:—

"I cried by reason of my distress to Jehovah,
And he heard me.
Out of the belly of hell I cried,
And thou didst hear my voice.
Thou didst cast me into the deep, into the heart of the sea,
And the flood compassed me about;
All thy billows and thy waves passed over me.
And I said, I am cast out of thy sight,
Yet will I look again to thy holy temple.
The waters compassed me about even to the soul.
The deep enclosed me round about.

Sea-weeds were wrapt around my head ;
I sank down to the bottoms of the mountains ;
The bars of the earth were about me forever.
Yet hast thou brought up my life from the pit, O Jehovah my God !
When my soul fainted within me I remembered Jehovah,
And my prayer came to thee,
To thy holy temple.
They that honor lying vanities forsake their mercy ;
But I will sacrifice to thee with the voice of thanksgiving ;
I will pay that which I have vowed.
Salvation is from Jehovah !”

This hymn, it will be noticed, is a psalm of thanksgiving for deliverance from death. Nothing is said of any sea-monster in whose body the author had lain. On the contrary, he says, “The weeds were wrapped about my head,” an expression which indicates immediate contact with the waves.

Another thing is plain to every attentive reader of the book ; and that is, that this magnificent hymn does not fit the context. It shows not only an imperfect joint, but a glaring discrepancy with what precedes and follows. The narrative states that “Jonah prayed unto Jehovah his God out of the fish’s belly,” and then immediately follows, as if it were that prayer, the hymn I have cited, which is not a prayer for deliverance, but rather thanksgiving for deliverance already vouchsafed. Not a word of it fits the situation. Not a word of it has any meaning if supposed to be uttered by a person in danger. It is the utterance of a person escaped from danger and thankfully celebrating his escape. And yet it is not until after the psalm is recited that we read, “The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.” Still another thing the critics have observed, of great importance. The language of this hymn is different from and a great deal older than that of the narrative which contains it. Ewald thinks it must have been in existence from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years before the book was composed.

Putting these facts together, we arrive at the following results. The psalm of thanksgiving embodied in this book ascribed to a prophet named Jonah — whether actually com-

posed by him or the work of some unknown writer — was in circulation and formed a part of the popular literature of the Hebrews long after the individual who composed it had passed away, and when the circumstances connected with its origin were forgotten, but before the appearance of the book in which we find it. The author, it was inferred from the lofty and inspired style of the composition, must have been a prophet. Thus it was currently received that a certain prophet had suffered shipwreck and narrowly escaped drowning; an escape which he celebrated in this inspired song. Tradition, with or without reason, fixed upon one Jonah as the subject of this adventure. Jonah was not a mythical personage. Such a prophet had actually lived; he is mentioned in the second book of Kings (xiv. 25). Jeroboam "restored the coast of Israel . . . according to the word of the Lord God of Israel which he spoke by the hand of his servant Jonah, the son of Amittai the prophet, who was of Gath-hepher." This is all that we really know of Jonah, — a prophet of Israel eight hundred years before Christ. It might have been he who had this experience and composed this psalm. We will suppose that current tradition affirmed this to be the fact. But how account for the circumstance of the sea-monster, of which no mention is made in the psalm? To this I answer that the literature of all ancient and of many modern nations abounds in marvels of this sort which are not willful inventions, but products of the imagination acting on given materials, exaggerations of reports, misunderstanding of terms, the accretions and distortions which oral tradition inevitably takes in its passage from mouth to mouth and from age to age. If even in Christian ages encounters of actual historic personages with mythic dragons and similar adventures were generally received; if, as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the griffin was firmly believed by learned men to be a veritable animal, a constituent of the fauna of Europe; if Milton could accept and embody in his great poem the sailor tradition of a sea-monster so huge that —

"Slumbering on the Norway foam

The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea and wished morn delays ;"—

if these things could pass in periods so recent, we need never wonder that in those remote ages, before the dawn of Greek philosophy, it could be received that a big fish might swallow a man, retain him for three days and nights, and then disgorge him unharmed. Add to this that the sea itself in that day was conceived and spoken of as a living monster swallowing and devouring whatever was cast into its jaws. Suppose then the original tradition to have stated that Jonah was cast into the sea, and then to have added in poetic language that the monster (the sea) swallowed him but did not retain him, at the bidding of Jehovah tossed him on the strand ; suppose this to have been the original representation, nothing was more natural than the modification which, without intentional perversion, it afterwards came to assume. The figurative monster was changed to a real one, just as the spiritual conflict of the early saints with the metaphorical dragon of unbelief, of opposition to the truth, was changed by tradition, in the story of St. George and the Dragon, to a physical contest with a real monster. As to the three days and nights which Jonah was said to have passed in the fish's belly, that must be explained as amplification and poetical embellishment conceived in the spirit of the time.

But does not Jesus accept and sanction the popular tradition? I think not. In Matthew's Gospel we read that "certain of the Scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying: Master, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said to them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it but the sign of the prophet Jonas." Then it is added: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." A hasty reading would infer that this addition was a part of Christ's answer to the Scribes and

Pharisees ; but a careful examination, and a comparison with the parallel passage in Luke, where nothing is said about the "whale," makes it probable that this addition is the Evangelist's comment and not Christ's own interpretation of his saying. The sign of Jonas, as he intended it, was the preaching of Jonas to the wicked and adulterous generation of the Ninevites. "For," as Luke has it, "for as Jonas was a sign unto the Ninevites, so shall also the Son of Man be to this generation."

To recapitulate. The critical hypothesis respecting the book of Jonah is this. A Hebrew writer of a date posterior to the time of the Captivity, one of the very latest represented in the Old Testament, found among the collections of the sacred poetry of his country this ancient psalm of thanksgiving, and connected with it, perhaps, a legend concerning the prophet Jonah whose name is mentioned in the book of Kings. They came in aid of a purpose he had in view, and he made use of them in the work which bears in the Bible the name of Jonah.

But what was that purpose? The author's aim in this work was not merely to embody tradition and psalm. On a critical examination of its contents a deeper purpose appears. The careful reader will find in it a covert apology for the Gentile world. The Jews had been accustomed to regard themselves as beloved of God above all other nations, and enjoying his peculiar protection. The rest of the world, not worshipping Jehovah, were supposed to be without the pale of his favor and were therefore regarded with abhorrence and contempt. The conquest of their country by Nebuchadnezzar and the carrying away into captivity had somewhat abated their national pride by making them acquainted with a nation in many respects superior to themselves. Still the notion prevailed that they were God's peculiar people, that Jehovah had established his seat in Zion, that the Lord of lords had an interest in them which was shared by no other nation, that they were holy, and other nations unclean in his sight, and that though for their sins he had suffered them to fall for a time under foreign dominion, it was his intention to exalt them at

last, to make Jerusalem the world's capital and the people of Israel lords of the earth.

To expose and rebuke this national self-conceit and self-righteousness appears to be the aim of the book. It consists of two apologues or parables in both of which the prominent figure is the prophet Jonah. The scene of the first is a ship on the Mediterranean, where the prophet is brought in contact with foreign seamen; the scene of the second is the city of Nineveh, where he comes in contact with a heathen population. In both the apparent design is to place the conduct of foreigners and heathen in favorable contrast with the conduct of the Jew. And since the prophets had been chiefly instrumental in cherishing and maintaining the exclusive spirit in the Jewish people, the author apparently intended in the character of Jonah to show them how weak and poor a creature a prophet could be. In this he succeeds at some expense of consistency; for the critical reader feels that if Jonah was such as this story represents, he could not have been the author of the splendid psalm ascribed to him. The book begins with announcing a mission from God to the Ninevites. Here at the start an unheard of and astounding novelty! As if Jehovah cared for the Ninevites! It is the first suggestion in Jewish history of the sending of a Jewish prophet to a Gentile nation. We know what difficulty Paul and Peter, five centuries later, had in persuading their countrymen of the lawfulness of such a step, and how the first Christians declared their astonishment that "God to the Gentiles also had granted repentance unto life." But the prophet disliked the mission, recoiled from it, and thought to escape it by running away. "But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." Whether he actually believed that Jehovah's presence was bounded on the west by the Mediterranean, or whether it was that the sense of that presence and the sense of obligation was more vivid in Judea than elsewhere, he sought release in flight. Instead of going east, as commanded, he went west. He found at Joppa, the seaport of Palestine, a vessel (probably a Tyrian merchantman) bound

for Tarshish, in Spain, for so far had Tyrian commerce in that age extended. "So he paid the fare thereof and went down into it to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." But vain the attempt to shirk responsibilities. To run from duty is to run into sorrow. A tempest sent by Jehovah overtakes the fugitive, the ship is in imminent danger; and now the simple piety of the heathen mariners is placed in sharp contrast with the glaring impiety of the Jew. "They cried every man unto his God." And when Jonah confessed to them that he was running away from his, "they were exceedingly afraid and said unto him, 'Why hast thou done this?'" It was the ancient belief, perhaps not yet quite extinct in the maritime mind, that when a ship is visited with peculiar misfortune and danger it betokens the presence of some sinner on board for whose retribution the evil befalls. In accordance with this superstition, these seamen cast lots to ascertain who of their ship's company might be the offender, "And the lot fell upon Jonah." In a paroxysm of remorse he urges them to cast him overboard; "For I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." With great reluctance, by which the author would illustrate their moral sensibility, they make the expiatory offering. "And the sea ceased from her raging." "Then the men" (converted, we are to understand, from their heathen idolatry) "feared Jehovah exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto Jehovah and made their vows."

So ends the first apologue. The beautiful psalm of thanksgiving ascribed to Jonah, which, as I have said, seems out of place in this connection, intervenes between it and the second.

"And the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." Warned by past experience, he no longer disobeys. He proceeds to Nineveh, and preaches a practical discourse, which an ancient divine characterizes as a "sharp, shrewd, biting sermon;" "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." But Nineveh is not overthrown. The people are roused; a fast

is proclaimed, they clothe themselves in sackcloth ; the whole population repents. "And God saw their works that they turned from their evil ways, and God repented of the evil that he had said he would do unto them and he did it not." A right-minded man would have rejoiced in such evidence of religious sensibility and in the salvation of a city from destruction, whereby the author evidently means at once to commend the good disposition of the heathen and to celebrate the equal mercy of God, which knows no distinction between Jew and Gentile. This by way of rebuke to national intolerance. "But it displeased Jonah exceedingly, and he was very angry." His reputation as a prophet was at stake. He had prophesied destruction and destruction came not. He felt himself disgraced. His enormous self-love had more sorrow in an unfulfilled prediction of his own, than joy in the conversion and deliverance of a nation. The miserable egoist was ready to die with vexation when he found that Nineveh was going to survive his preaching. "Therefore now, O Lord, take my life from me, for it is better for me to die than to live." Then follows the most striking part of the apologue, in which the prophet's unconcern for the fate of a city is reproachfully contrasted with his selfish grief at the death of a plant, the *el-Kerra*, called in our version "gourd," in whose shade he had rejoiced, and whose springing and withering is so rapid that oriental exaggeration calls it the growth of a night. The short-lived plant is lamented because it gave me shade ; the hundred-yearred and million-peopled city may perish, and welcome, because I predicted its fall. What a laying bare of the secret of a selfish heart is here ! To such monstrous lengths the waywardness of egoism can reach in a heart without love, though it be the heart of a prophet, an orthodox preacher of righteousness. The time has been when orthodoxy could calmly contemplate the damnation of the greater part of the human race, and expect to behold it with joy, and think it all for the glory of God. Of that spirit Jonah is the representative and type. Let us trust that that spirit is extinct, that that time has gone by, that the heart has softened with the softening influence of

the Gospel, that the pity and pardoning mercy of God are not only formally confessed, but practically believed.

From this brief exposition it appears in what a liberal, cosmopolitan, anti-Jewish, anti-exclusive spirit the book of Jonah was conceived. With all its imperfection of literary art, it is one of the noblest products of the sacred literature of the ancient world. Here, in the very midnight of Jewish bigotry, was a writer who anticipated the Christian day. "Jonah," says Dean Stanley, "is the first apostle, though involuntary and unconscious, of the Gentiles. The inspiration of the Gentile world is acknowledged in the prophecy of Balaam, its nobleness in the book of Job ; . . . but its claims on the justice and mercy of God are first recognized in the book of Jonah." "In the popular traditions of east and west Jonah's name alone has survived the lesser prophets of the Jewish Church. It still lives, not only in many a Mussulman tomb along the coasts and hills of Syria, but in the thoughts and devotions of Christendom. The marvelous escape from the deep, through a single passing allusion in the Gospel history, was made an emblem of the deliverance of Christ himself from the jaws of death and the grave. The great Christian doctrine of the boundless power of human repentance received its chief illustration from the repentance of the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah. There is hardly any figure of the Old Testament which the early Christians in the catacombs so often took for their consolation in persecution, as the deliverance of Jonah on the seashore." "These all conspire with the story itself in proclaiming that still wider lesson of which I have spoken. It is the rare protest of theology against the excess of theology ; it is the faithful delineation of the dark, sinister, selfish side of even great religious teachers. It is the grand Biblical appeal to the common instincts of humanity, and to the universal love of God, against the narrow dogmatism of sectarian polemics. There has never been a generation which has not needed the majestic revelation of sternness and charity, each bestowed where most deserved and where least expected, in the sign of the prophet Jonah."

GEORGE MACDONALD'S WORK ON THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.

WITHIN two years George MacDonald has come to be so well known as an author, that it is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that he is a novelist, a poet, and a theologian. We do not hesitate to say that he is great in each character. Alec Forbes and Robert Falconer indicate not merely a genius for story-telling, but that peculiar requisite in the novelist of the age, — a moral purpose and a capacity for analysis.

His *Unspoken Sermons* and this volume on the *Miracles*, if not learned, are thoughtful contributions to, not theological science, nor yet devotional literature, but that border region between the two, and sharing in each. The span covered by these novels and sermons is vast for any mind. Theologians and preachers have sometimes written novels, and novelists have attempted theology, but seldom with marked success. Especially have the latter been failures. Wide as the sphere of fiction is at present, its writers, for the most part, rigidly keep to their one vocation, and even make it a sort of handicraft. But here is a man who produces first-class fiction, and not second-rate theology. It is hard to tell which is secondary to the other. But this is plain to the careful reader, that underlying his fiction is a definite and inspiring theology, and that transfused through his theology is the wide imagination and tender feeling of the poet and novelist. MacDonald's scope is not an arbitrary stretching of his powers, but a breadth of nature that easily enables him to cover his wide field. The demand of the age is for encyclical knowledge and thought. The barriers between departments of knowledge are broken down, and the field is one and universal. We hail MacDonald as a writer in whom the distinctions between the so-called departments of theology and the realm of human life are merged and flow into each

other; theology is interpreted by human need, and life is helped and glorified by a vital theology.

We have not yet got over the fashion, perhaps a wise one, of asking to what school a new writer in theology belongs. If asked of MacDonald, it is hard to reply — not that he is an original, but that no classification entirely covers him. If the question were, who is his teacher? the reply is easier. MacDonald has evidently studied the works of Maurice, and found in him all the inspiration and guidance that one man can find in another. But to what school does Maurice belong? He is not Calvinistic nor Unitarian; he is not rationalistic, for he believes in miracles; his clear and hard realism looks away from mysticism. It is at the feet of this great nondescript in theology that MacDonald has sat, in the unrecognized company of Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, and many others of the most serious thinkers of England, — interpreters of a voice that has not the art to reach the popular ear. In the same way, it is difficult to assign to MacDonald a place in any school of theological opinion. He is not Calvinistic, — his entire writings are a passionate protest against Calvinism. He is not Unitarian, as he holds to the unqualified fact of the Incarnation. Nor is he a rationalist; his reception of the Scriptures is childlike in its simplicity. He presses into the face of mystery and falls before it with faith, rather than strives to bring it within the compass of the reason. Having been born north of the Tweed, he is not troubled by other mysticism than is afforded by a sound imagination; clear Scotch perception marks every page of his writings. We must be content to read him without classification, except that broadest and yet most definite one, Christian.

This little book on the Miracles, the last complete work from his pen, does not profess to be a defense, as it is simply an attempt to unfold their meaning almost exegetically; yet it is the best possible defense in kind, because it is written from the stand-point of perfect sympathy with them. He takes his stand at the centre-most point of faith, and looks outward, goes down into into their inmost part, and tells us

what he finds there. And he finds so much food for heart and soul to feed upon, such light to reflect back upon the mysteries of life, such harmonies with what we need and long for, that the intellectual conviction as to the reality of the miracles surpasses that deduced from any array of evidences. And must not all vital truth be learned in this way, by an interior view, from its own stand-point? While we stand on the outside and judge it, we can have nothing more than our present knowledge to judge with; but if the possible truth contains something more than we have, how can we receive it except by the light itself may yield? "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." MacDonald does not emphasize the miracles as evidences and credentials of Christ, but regards this use of them as quite subordinate to, almost inferential from, the primary purpose of revealing the Father through the Son. We rejoice that the dreary chapter of evidences seems to be drawing to a close, and that it is getting to be thought an unnecessary thing to cipher and syllogize God into his own world. The Light of the world needs no passports and sealed credentials. He is his own evidence, and his shining is the result, not the proof, of his presence. If the distinction between miracles as *proofs*, and miracles as the *results* of Christ's presence in the world, seems slight at first, it will not so seem when they are considered with reference to their purpose. Treat them as bare proofs and certificates, and their meaning is well-nigh exhausted; view them as the inevitable outcome of the presence of the Son of God, and they become, in all the depth and extent of their meaning, revelations of his character and work. MacDonald recognizes no path from the sight of a miracle to a knowledge of God. "A wonder is a poor thing for faith," he says, and so diligently searches in each one for some spiritual basis or germ upon which the miracle is grafted. Consequently his book is addressed to believers, and he hardly expects a hearing ear except in those who accept the fact of the Incarnation, or at least in those who feel some need that would be met by such a fact. He says, "A man is not required to believe in miracles, save

as believing in Jesus." And here is where our author shows his wisdom and masterly skill; he seizes upon his readers, and by his own intense faith and claspings sympathy, carries them past the lines of critical doubt into the region of faith, and says, see the divine in this miracle, how it manifests forth the glory of the Father by meeting and supplying human need. As an illustration is his treatment of the old question of experience as related to miracles. After a few strong sentences, in which he re-affirms the position of Bushnell and Argyll, that a miracle is the intervention of a higher unknown law upon a lower known law, he says (p 183): "If any one say we ought to receive nothing of which we have no experience, I answer, there is in me a necessity, a desire, before which all my experience shrivels into a mockery. Its complement must lie beyond. We ought, I grant, to accept nothing for which we cannot see the probability of some sufficient reason, but I thank God that this sufficient reason is not for me limited to the realm of experience. To suppose that it was would change the hope of a life that might be an ever-burning sacrifice of thanksgiving into a poor struggle with events and things and chances,—to doom the Psyche to perpetual imprisonment in the worm. I desire the higher; I care not to live for the lower. The one would make me despise my fellows, and recoil with disgust from a self I cannot annihilate; the other fills one with humility, hope, and love. Is the preference for the one over the other foolish, then, even to the meanest judgment?"

In the same striking manner he treats the suspicion thrown upon the miracles by the fact that Christ wrought many of them in a semi-secret way (p. 159): "It was not good for men to see too many miracles. They would feast their eyes, and then cease to wonder or think. The miracle, which would be all, and quite dissociated from religion, with many of them, would cease to be wonderful, would become a common thing with most, yea, some would cease to believe that it had been. A wonder is a poor thing for faith after all; and the miracle could be only a wonder in the eyes of those who had not prayed for it, and could not give thanks

for it; who did not feel that in it they were partakers of the love of God."

MacDonald's definition or theory of miracles, if not original, is stated in a masterly way, and made to underlie and explain his separate treatment of them. The ease with which he brings all under his theory not only goes to show its correctness, but becomes itself an argument for their authenticity, showing that they are no collection of myths, but a series of facts having their origin in a single deep-lying moral purpose. We quote from the introduction (p. 11): "This, I think, is the true nature of the miracles, an epitome of God's processes in nature beheld in immediate connection with their source,—a source as yet lost to the eyes and too often the hearts of men in the far-receding gradations of continuous law. That men might see the will of God at work, Jesus did the works of his Father thus." Again (p. 13): "Let us then recognize the works of the Father as epitomized in the miracles of the Son. What in the hands of the Father are the mighty motions and progresses and conquests of life, in the hands of the Son are miracles. I do not myself believe that he valued the working of these miracles as he valued the utterance of the truth in words; but all that he did had the one root, *obedience*, in which alone can any man be free. And what is the highest obedience? Simply a following of the Father,—a doing of what the Father does. Every true father wills that his child should be as he is in the deepest love, in his highest hope. All that Jesus does is of his Father. What we see in the Son is of the Father. What his works mean concerning him, they mean concerning the Father."

This grounding the miracles upon the obedience of the Son, connected with the fact that each one readily answers to the explanation, seems to us an unanswerable argument for their actual occurrence. It shows unity, one with every other; but what unity could be looked for in a miscellaneous set of fables? It shows a profound harmony with the character and work of Christ aside from the miracles; but what chance is there of such harmony between Christ's recorded

character and a set of stories put together in an after age, and drawn from unknown sources? Chance, or blind reverence, could never have framed a collection of more than thirty miracles of various kinds, yet made each one not only consonant with Christ's general character, but with a single purpose lying at the basis of his character. Either the entire story of Christ,— words, works, and career,— is the fabrication of some mighty unknown genius that worked in the interest of falsehood, or the miracles were the actual works of the Christ of the Gospels. Their unity amongst themselves, and of all with the underlying motive of Christ, demands that they shall be referred to him. And when his words and works are thus compacted into a historical unity, where can a point of attack be found? The whole must be thrown aside, or the whole retained.

This view of the miracles, as rooted in the obedience of the Son, not only throws a beautiful light upon them, but takes us into the profoundest depths of Christ's character. He came into the world to do the will of God and the works of God, not in the way of yielding to the behests of an arbitrary will, but with "an exulting obedience," freely repeating the very works of the Father. This distinction we think of vital importance in securing a free and genuine Christian experience, and the careful preservation of it in these pages is one of the most valuable features of the book.

Our author does not treat the miracles *seriatim*, but groups them into natural divisions, — the likeness not being so much in the nature of the works wrought, as in the moral condition of those upon or for whom they are done, or in some common relation which certain miracles bear to nature. Yet under these general subdivisions, each miracle is taken up and its heart revealed. Sometimes we feel that he is giving too loose a rein to his fancy; but he anticipates our criticism by contending stoutly for the use of the imagination in the discovery of truth, and does not hesitate boldly to use the *a priori* method when it is sustained by the instincts of the spirit. Yet what, at first, seems the fruit of imagination, on closer inspection, often turns into fine and subtle analysis of

moral experience. And here is where MacDonald, in all his works, is doing good service for the truth. We have no other popular writer whose psychology, as applied to matters of religion and morals, can be compared with his for depth and accuracy. We have writers who correctly depict human nature in a surface-way, but none who, like him, pierce the realm of the spirit, and bring out the needs and processes of the soul. This habit is apt to be confounded with a rationalizing tendency, but most wrongly. The psychological method is as consistent with faith as with so-called reason, and, in fact, furnishes the ground upon which faith and reason can unite. It hardly need be said that MacDonald has no disposition to rationalize the Scriptures. A writer who treats *possession* as an actual indwelling of evil spirits cannot be considered rationalistic.

In his treatment of the individual miracles, we often notice an exquisite discernment of the sense. He has great skill in dealing with obscure and difficult points. Our readers will thank us for quoting what he says of those words that are so apt to grate upon our hearts when we read the miracle of the turning of water into wine: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour has not yet come" (p. 17). "What he did say was this: 'Woman, what is there common to thee and me? my hour is not yet come.' His words had no reference to the relation between them; they only referred to the present condition of her mind, or rather the nature of the thought and expectation which now occupied it. Her hope and his intent were at variance; there was no harmony between his thought and hers; and it was to that thought and that hope of hers that his words were now addressed. What, then, was in our Lord's thoughts? and what was in his mother's thoughts to call forth his words? She was thinking a time had come for making a show of his power; for revealing what a just man he was; for beginning to let that glory shine, which was, in her notion, to culminate in the grandeur of a righteous monarch,—a second Solomon, forsooth, who should set down the mighty in the dust, and exalt them of low degree. And of what did the glow of her face, the

light in her eyes, and the tone with which she uttered the words, 'They have no wine,' make Jesus think? Perhaps of the de cease which he must accomplish at Jerusalem; perhaps of a throne of glory betwixt the two thieves; certainly of a kingdom of heaven not such as filled her imagination, even although her heaven-descended son was the king thereof. A kingdom of exulting obedience, not of acquiescence, still less of compulsion, lay germed in his bosom, and he must be laid in the grave ere that germ could send up its first green lobes into the air of the human world. No throne, therefore, of earthly grandeur for him! No triumph for his blessed mother such as she dreamed! There was nothing common in their visioned ends."

As often happens to brilliant writers, there is danger lest the reader overlook the profoundness of his thought. MacDonald's diction is so gorgeous, and his emotional nature is kept in such constant play, that one is liable to fail of seeing how deep and steady is the current of thought that runs under the whole. We do not wish unduly to praise this book, but are forced to say that for preservation of unity, for skill in dealing with such questions as prayer and freedom of the will, for compact utterance of wisdom, we know not where among recent publications to look for its equal. Were the same matter put into formal propositions and drawn out with proof and illustration into ten times the space, it would be regarded as a great theological achievement. In illustration we quote a part of what he says of the will (p. 47): "Those who cannot see how the human will should be free in dependence upon the will of God have not realized that the will of God made the will of man; that, when most it pants for freedom, the will of man is the child of the will of God, and therefore that there can be no natural opposition or strife between them. Nay, more, the whole labor of God is that the will of man should be free as his will is free,—in the same way that his will is free,—by the perfect love of the man for that which is true, harmonious, lawful, creative. If a man say, 'But might not the will of God make my will with the intent of over-riding and enslaving it?' I answer, such

a will could not create, could not be God, for it involves the false and contrarious. That would be to make a will in order that it might be no will. To create in order to uncreate is something else than divine. But a free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the face of the otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom indeed."

What volumes of reasoning and what sublimity of thought are condensed into the following sentences (p. 24): "It would seem that the correlative of creation is search; that as God has *made* us, we must *find* him; that thus our action must reflect his; that thus he glorifies us with a share in the end of all things, which is that the Father and his children may be one in thought, judgment, feeling and interest, in a word, that they may mean the same thing."

What mists of doubt are blown away from the vexed subject of prayer by such words as these (p. 88): "The main point is simply this, that what it would not be well for God to give before a man had asked for it, it may not only be well, but best, to give when he has asked. I believe that the first half of our training is up to the asking point; after that the treatment has a grand, new element in it."

Being fresh from the reading of Mr. Mulford's admirable book, "The Nation," we noticed with interest that MacDonald in a few sentences had hit upon the very theory of human society so ably elaborated by Mr. Mulford. He says (p. 80), "All that is precious in the individual heart depends for existence on the relation the individual bears to other individuals. Alone—how can he love? Alone—where is his truth? It is for and by the individuals that the individual lives. A community is the true development of individual relations. Its very possibility lies in the consciences of its men and women. Vital organizations result alone from individualities and consequent necessities, which, fitting the one into the other, and working for each other, make combination not only possible but unavoidable."

We are glad that MacDonald has seen fit to treat the miracles of our Lord by themselves, not connecting them with

any theory that includes wonders of previous or later ages. Such wonders have doubtless been, but they should be kept distinct from those by which the Son manifests forth his glory. If the Christ is to be placed in a category, which, though it embraces, also transcends, humanity, it is fitting that his miraculous works should also have a place by themselves, and not be mingled with wonders that shade off into spiritual jugglery, and lay hold of we know not what powers of darkness.

M.

DOING LIFE'S NEAREST DUTY.

BY RUTH A. BRADFORD.

THE little restless child, wearied with itself, when it turns to its mother and says, "Mother, what shall I do?" finds an echo in the heart of every man, woman, and child.

What shall I do? these say to themselves, and look abroad, and far off, for something which shall realize their ideal of true service. This natural impulse is one of the choicest attributes of youth. It is the inspiration towards manly and womanly perfection.

Still, it is only step by step along life's pathway that the wished-for end can be reached; therefore, while the heart is fixed in the distant future, the eyes and hands must be noting the near in everything. Our surroundings are what we have to deal with.

This is not so alone in the moral world, but in the natural. Let us illustrate the latter by a few examples.

Is a difficult work to be done which seems to baffle all the laws of science — ten to one a solution to the difficulty may be found in the careful observation of nature's laws. The walk across the fields, or along the high road, or through the

forest, with the eyes wide open to the formation of tree or rock, to the aspect of different soils, the courses of mountains and hill ranges, all these familiar objects in nature are a lesson to the thoughtful mind, and are in truth a book in which one who runs may read.

Illustrations of these truths are familiar to all, yet we will call to mind a few of them. Many millions of dollars had been expended in useless efforts to construct upon the dangerous Cornwall coast a lighthouse which would stand the fierce gales and shocks of old ocean, till Rudyard, a keen-eyed student of nature, as well as of his favorite science of engineering, bethought him to build upon the simple model of a tree; and, acting upon that idea, the present famous Eddystone Lighthouse still stands a beacon and blessing to all mariners upon the English coast.

Newton established his theory of gravitation from simply seeing an apple fall from a tree to the ground.

James Watt could sit by his mother's chimney corner, and out of the cheerful music of the tea-kettle, hissing and singing the sweet home song, "that supper is ready," could hear with his finer ear the voices of millions blessing him for the discovery of steam power,—that mighty force that should bring distant loved ones near to the home circle, and lessen by its use the daily toil and sweat of man and beast; and "also, if need were, could bring the power of ten millions of horses to bear on a single point, and if it would serve any purpose, and man could find the machinery, could cleave the earth in twain. All this because a skillful observer of nature discovered that *water resists being heated above two hundred and twelve degrees.*"

Let us hope that the shrill shrieks of the steam whistle did not jar upon the senses of James Watt, but that instead some harmonious blast, which shall yet be produced by the union of music and science, inspired him on the completion of his musings.

Agassiz is a striking example. His great mind counts nothing beneath his notice—crab, clam, or smallest shell. In the formation of an apparently insignificant range of hills on

our northern border he traces the first upheaval of mountain range on our western continent.

Ruskin is also a true disciple of the clouds, air, and earth. He looks upon them with the eyes of a lover upon his mistress; and as an artist conveys something of the same expression or lineaments of his favorite into all his figures, so he would have their exquisite beauty of form and color reflected in all art.

The sight of running water through a wild wood may not alone bring joy to the senses, as it rushes and tumbles over rock and stone of a hot summer day, but it may stir and lead the thoughtful mind into realms of wonder and inquiry; as, for instance, why, when the stream rushes over rock and stone, does it bring forth a growth of river-grass, star-weed, and bright green moss, when the still pools a little way below are devoid of all vegetable life? One very apparent and surface analogy may be drawn from this fact,—that activity induces activity.

The Indian without an alphabet was forced to observation, and well did he use his powers. We, who pride ourselves upon our high civilization, are far behind him in the keenness of our perceptions in many respects. In the multitude of books now people are too apt to let others do their thinking. The Indian had no such temptation. He wandered through the forest with no magnetic needle to point to the north, but he looked to the mossy side of the old forest trees, and knew his course.

The ornithologist can trace the home and habits of birds of color and song. Our colder latitudes produce birds cold and tame in coloring, while in the tropic clime they are as rich and beautiful in plumage as the foliage they live among.

Observation of bugs and insects show us that they take upon themselves the hue of whatever they feed upon.

The chemist is continually adding to his fund of knowledge by experiments, and by watching the effects of new combinations of matter.

So much for observations in nature. We could go on and

give numberless instances of the usefulness of attention to the near and common things of life.

Let us now see how we can apply this attention to our immediate surroundings, this doing the duty that lies nearest to social duties and religious progress.

We are longing for perfectness in home, friends, and social intercourse with neighbors. Our ideal is formed perhaps upon the noblest Christian model, perhaps from the last novel we read which took us out of the common world, and we are wretched ; nobody is quite right.

The young girl, if she has just left school, and is thoughtful, is stirred by a desire to be doing something in the world of some use, and, if she is not obliged to put her hands to some tangible business at once, is sad at the vacuum before her. Her minister from the pulpit urges consecration to goodness. She has a vague idea of what this means, thinks she is willing, but how to do this is the question. She reads of heroines in army hospitals, and in charities at home ; of Ida Lewis and Mrs. Howe ; of missionaries : but those things that they did and are now doing are not in her way, and the people about her all seem comfortable, and about as good as she is, and her missionary zeal would be illy construed if she should practice upon any of them : *then*, could she but know and feel that the right work was not some great thing in the future, but close at hand, quite within her power ; that it was to mould and refine her own character by daily self-sacrifice, patience, reverence, and purity,—those traits which are best developed by contact with the daily trials of every home, however well-regulated that home may be.

The young girl who faithfully helps her mother in the household, at a sacrifice, perhaps, of a favorite pursuit, need never fear but that life will open to her in due time enough of care and duty as soon as she will be fitted to meet it. The young man suffers the same in a degree, but his active interests make him less morbid ; still he should not less remember his duties to the near and actual.

We spoke of novel-reading as perhaps leading to discon-

tent with the young. Only those novels that give false and unreal views of life will be likely to do this. The highest type of novel, — and only those are worth reading, — are like what Ruskin would have in art, the simple reflex of nature and human life. Dickens is said by some to exaggerate, but every one can feel the truthfulness of his characters by their own observation. If you or I had the genius of Dickens we could, from our own neighborhood, make a novel equal in interest to any of his vivid English pictures; while the delineations of landscape, in which George Elliot so excels, could find its counterpart with the pen of an equal genius in any of our New England lanes and roadsides at any season of the year.

Miss Mulock's and Mrs. Gaskell's simply told tales of every-day life charm and attract because of their naturalness. Burns's mouse and daisy, in truth, were no fairer or rarer than any we have seen, only we see them now through the poet's eye in his simple lines.

One of our best living writers has truly said that "it is not height, nor depth, nor space that makes the world worth living in, for the fairest landscape needs still to be garlanded by the imagination to become classic with noble deeds and romantic with dreams." "Go where we please in nature, we receive in proportion as we give." Just so in life, the generous, whole-souled man or woman who finds it an every-day necessity to impart something of good to others, if only a kind word, finds the world a happy place, and life a continual joy.

Thus we believe God is glorified in man. It is having the grace of God in the truest sense. This, it seems to me, is the lesson intended by George MacDonald, in one of his early works, "Robert Falconer," where the author makes Robert say to his old grandmother, "Weel, grannie, but a body canna' rise to the height o' grace a' at once; nor yet in ten or twenty years. May be if I do richt I may be able to come to that or a' be dune. I'm thinking its mair for our sakes than his ain 'at he cares about his glory.

"I dinna' believe 'at he thinks about his glory except

for the sake o' the truth an' men's 'erts deeing for want o' it."

There is an anecdote of Prof. Thompson of Edinburgh, "who quitted his father's cottage in early manhood, leaving a web of cloth half woven on the loom.

Half a century afterwards, when he had become celebrated and wealthy, his slumbers were disturbed by a vision of the old loom, and a sense of the imperative duty of finishing the uncompleted web: such a tardy, yet sure remorse, may not visit us during our lifetime, but it may be a parable of what all this life's neglected duties will be to us, in the great Hereafter, when the web which we have left undone will have passed forever beyond the reach of our completion."

Therefore, let us be sure of what to-day brings to us, and in remembering how very short life is, we shall not waste our time in waiting for the plant which blossoms only once in a century, but enjoy the daisies, violets, and buttercups of our daily walk.

In picking up the little things under our feet, we shall make the most of the people about us, make glad our homes, keep the altar-fires in our own hearts burning brightly, and no fear but the nearest duty will be the sweetest one.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

O HUMAN life! O mystery!
The soul's unwritten history!
The dear one at my side,—
A kindred heart,—
Sees not the depths I hide,
Divines but part.

For thoughts I fain would speak,
The words how poor, how weak !
 How faint the song
 That trembles on my tongue !
The love that deepest lies,
 The joy, the pain,
 And all the train
Of visions bright that rise,
 But like the glittering show
 Of icicle and snow
Melt into viewless air,
 As transient and as fair :
These, but half known, half guessed,
 Or wholly unrevealed,
 In sacred silence sealed,
Lie deep within the breast.
 None but thine eye, O God,
 Or watching souls above,
 With full, clear eyes of love,
Can see the path I've trod.

Yet life is gladness,
 And blessed its ties,
Though oft in sadness
 Some fond wish dies :
My holiest aspiring
 With weakness blended,
The hope my bosom firing
 In sorrow ended.
And though nor friend, nor brother,
Sister, nor tender mother
 Can fathom all the heart,
 And sound its deepest part,
Still flows the holy fountain
Of love ; nor sea, nor mountain,
Nor time, nor death can sever
Hearts closely bound forever.

LIFE IN EGYPT.*

. THIS attractive volume was published in England a few years ago. It has not been reprinted in this country, although its contents are so interesting, not only from the associations attached to Egypt and Arabia, those lands of wonder and enchantment, but also from the historical interest belonging to their nations, relics as they are of a race once highly civilized, as ancient as they were noble. These letters were written when Lady Duff Gordon was suffering from a fatal disease, far away from home and those she most loved; yet she found among these so-called barbarians kind friends, faithful servants, and even agreeable companions. In her Egyptian home she came into intimate contact with the natives, and by the sympathy of a common nature appreciated the virtues and high qualities which abound among them. It was impossible, she herself says, "to express what I saw, felt, and comprehended;" and again, "all that can be said appears poor to one who knows, as I do, how curious and poetical the country is." These few letters were not written for the public, but "to the two persons with whom, of all others, the writer felt the least necessity of reserve:" they were addressed to her husband and to her mother, Mrs. Austin, — the latter well known to the literary world as the translator of "Ranke's History of the Popes," and as the wife of the very able writer on jurisprudence. She was thus a member of an old Unitarian family which has been long distinguished in literary circles. By her liberal education she was peculiarly free from most of the prejudice by which foreigners are so commonly blinded. This lady passed her winters, not at Cairo or Thebes, but in villages where few Europeans go at all, so she was brought into close relations with the people. This book is composed of extracts from her letters; and perhaps no better account of the people of Egypt has been published since the days of Herodotus; she herself says she is

* Letters from Egypt, by Lady Duff Gordon.

constantly reminded of his narratives by the state of the country, so unlike any other, and still full of the old superstitions and ancient worship. The reverence for the sacred animals is still kept up; the sacred cats are as sacred as ever, still fed and cared for, and "behave with singular decorum when the servant of the cats serves their dinner."

Instead of looking upon the customs of these people with antipathy and superciliousness, this English woman's large humanity and rare power of sympathy, combined with her tender pity, enabled her to enter into their feelings, to interpret their peculiar tone of thought: in a word, to understand them; and as they themselves said of her, "She sat among the people." She writes of herself, "When I go and sit with the English I feel as if almost they were foreigners to me, so completely am I now *Bint-el Belet*,—daughter of the country." What a marked contrast to British travelers in general, who so despise the natives! Miss Martineau even is no exception to their number; and her book on the East is filled with descriptions of the scenery and buildings, while of the people she says but little, and that in a tone of condemnation.

A book has just been published in England, the journal of the Hon. Mrs. William Grey, who was in the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales in their voyage up the Nile in the year 1869. This lady writes from the same point of view, as far as the people of the country are concerned, being utterly ignorant of their language. She, too, describes only their outward appearance and external life. In her journal she mentions that "the Prince started earlier to pay a visit to Lady Duff Gordon, who was living in her dahabeah, a little above Assouan." On the return voyage down the Nile she also writes: "After luncheon the Prince and Princess, with myself and Sir S. Baker, crossed the river to pay Lady Duff Gordon a visit in her dahabeah, which she has now made entirely her home, living on board, up here, on account of her health. We had coffee and pipes, and returned home about five o'clock."

We will now proceed to give some of Lady Gordon's descriptions of the people whom she saw. She writes thus:—

"The men at work on the river banks are of exactly the same color as the Nile mud: the warmer hue of the blood circulating beneath the skin. Prometheus has just formed them out of the universal material at hand, and the sun breathed life into them."

Of her boat's crew she says, "When I call my crew black don't think of negroes: they are elegantly shaped Arabs, and all gentlemen in manners." Elsewhere she mentions "the handsome jet-black men, with features as beautiful as the young Bacchus." Now she shows us the women, dressed in drapery, like Greek statues, and their forms as perfect, with handsome hair plaited like the Egyptian sculptures. She says, —

"It is worth while going to Nubia to see the girls up to twelve or thirteen. They are neatly dressed in a bead necklace and a leathern fringe four inches wide round the loins, and anything so absolutely perfect as their shape, so sweetly innocent as their looks, cannot be conceived. One girl was so lovely that even the greatest prude must, I think, have forgiven her pure, sweet beauty."

The pilot's little girl was dressed in that way, and she came to bring a present of fish and eggs — only four years old; and Lady Gordon says of her, —

"So clever, I gave her a captain's biscuit and some figs, and the little pet sat with her little legs tucked under her and ate so daintily, and carefully wrapped up some in a little rag of a veil to take home, I longed to steal her, she was such a darling."

As a pendant to this we give a picture of —

"A darling little Coptic boy, who came with his father and wanted a "*kitab*" (book) to write in. So I made one out of paper and the cover of my old pocket book, and gave him a pencil. I also bethought me of showing him a picture-book, which was so glorious a novelty that he wanted to go with me to my town, 'Beled el-Inkeleez,' where more such books were to be found."

Where all is so picturesque and lifelike it is difficult to know what to select or where to stop. Here is such a cunning, quaint, little, —

"Half-black boy, a year and a half old, and has taken such a

fancy to me, and comes and sits for hours gazing at me, and then dances to amuse me. He is Mohammed our guard's son by a jet-black slave of his, and is brown-black and very pretty. He wears a bit of iron wire in one ear, and iron rings round his ankles, and nothing else; and when he comes up, little Ahmael, who is his uncle, makes him fit to be seen by emptying a pitcher of water over his head to rinse the dust off, in which, of course, he had been rolling, which is equivalent to a clean pinafore. You would want to buy little Saeed, I know. He is so pretty and jolly, he sings and dances and jabbars baby Arabian, and then sits like a quaint little idol, cross-legged, quite still for hours."

This reminds us of the early Byzantine pictures:—

"Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in the little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay burnished like golden tags, soft, deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Isis and Athor. The very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs; and I felt inclined to ask them how many thousand years old they were. In their house I sat on an ancient Egyptian couch with the semi-circular head-rest, and eat and drank out of crockery which looked antique; and they brought me dates in a basket such as you see in the British Museum, and a mat of the same sort. At Asawan I dined on the shore with the blameless Ethiopian merchants from Soodan, black as ink and handsome as Bacchus. Most ancient of all though are the Copts; their very hands and feet are the same as those of the Egyptian statues. The Copts are evidently the ancient Egyptians; the slightly aquiline noses and long eye are the very same as those in the profiles on the tombs and temples, and also like the very earliest Byzantine pictures."

Some scenes are exactly like those described in the Arabian Nights.

"Arab music clanged, women cried the *zaghareet*, black servants served sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, and behaved as if they belonged to the company. I was strongly under the impression that I was at Noor ed-Deen's wedding with the Wezeer's daughter."

Here again comes in—

"Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable barber; he has the same impertinence, loquacity,

and love of meddling with everybody's business. The Arabs next door and Levantines opposite are quiet enough. But how *do* they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who gathers them every morning as 'fruit, gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew'?"

So often one is reminded of the pastoral, poetical life of the Bible,—sheep and cattle coming home at eve. Sometimes "in the gate" sat the head man of the village, like some old patriarch,—like Father Abraham himself. In fact, as Lady Gordon says, "This country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that."

What a curious illustration this is that follows of the Scriptural command to "weep with those who weep"!

"A poor neighbor of mine lost his little boy yesterday, and came out into the street as usual for sympathy. He stood under my window, leaning his head against the wall, and sobbing and crying till literally his tears wetted the dust. He was too much grieved to tear off his turban or to lament in form, but clapped his hands and cried, 'Oh, my boy! oh, my boy!' The bean-seller opposite shut his shop. The dyer took no notice, but smoked his pipe. Some people passed on, but many stopped and stood around the poor man, saying nothing, but looking concerned. Two were well-dressed Copts on handsome donkeys, who dismounted. And all waited till he went home, when about twenty men accompanied him with a respectful air."

The following extract brings vividly before us some of the different classes of the Egyptian population, with their respective characteristics:—

"There are a good many Copts on board of a rather low class, and not pleasant. The Christian gentlemen are very pleasant, but the low are low indeed compared to the Moslems; and one gets a feeling of dirtiness about them when one sees them eat all among the coals, and then squat down there and pull out their beads to pray without washing their hands anew. It does look nasty when compared to the Moslem, coming up clean washed, and standing erect and manly looking to his prayers. Besides, they are coarse in their manners and conversation, and have not the Arab respect for women. I only speak of the common people, not of educated

Copts. The best fun is to hear the Greeks abusing the Copts, — rogues, heretics, schismatics from the Greek Church, ignorant, rapacious, cunning, impudent, &c. ; in short, they narrate the whole fable about their own sweet selves ! ”

Here we can get a good idea of Arab lineage : —

“The people were all relations of Mustafa, and to see Seedee Omar, the head of the household, and the young men coming in from the field, and the flocks and herds and camels and asses, was like a beautiful dream. All these people are of good blood, and a sort of ‘Roll of Battle’ is kept for the genealogies of the noble Arabs who came in with Amr, the first Arab conqueror and lieutenant of Omar. Not one of these brown men, who do not own a second shirt, would give his brown daughter to the Turkish Pasha. This country *noblesse* is more interesting to me, by far, than the town people.”

A fine illustration may here be brought in of the feeling of the Arabs in regard to women.

“I asked if Abd-el-Kadir were coming here, as I had heard. He did not know, and asked me if he were not ‘Akhu-l-Benàt’ (a brother of girls). I prosaically said, ‘I did not know if he had sisters.’ ‘The Arabs, O Lady ! call that man a “brother of girls” to whom God has given a clean heart to love all women as his sisters and strength and courage to fight for their protection.’ Omar suggested a thorough gentleman as the equivalent of Abou Hassan’s title. European galimatias about ‘the smiles of the fair,’ &c., looks very mean beside Akhu-l-Benàt.”

What a pretty picture comes before us in this religious celebration !

“In this country one gets to see how much more beautiful a perfectly natural expression is than even the finest mystical expression given by the painters. The scene of this morning (some religious celebration) was all the more touching that no one was behaving himself or herself at all. A little Acolyte peeped into the sacramental cup, and swigged off the drop left in it with the most innocent air, and no one rebuked him ; and the quiet little children ran about in the sanctuary — a pretty commentary on ‘Suffer little children,’ &c.”

Here we are introduced to some of her companions. Omar, one of Lady Gordon's servants, quite a youth, turns out to be "a real jewel," so faithful and affectionate, refusing to leave his mistress, even when offered very high pay to go with another English lady: he said, "No: I think my God give her to me to take care of her; how then can I leave her? I can't speak to my God if I do bad things like that." Sheykh Yoosuf (Joseph) was among her attendants, and also gave Lady Gordon lessons in Arabic. They read stories from the Arabian Nights. The Arabs, she writes, "so diverted to think we know the Elf Leyleh wa-Leyleh,—the Thousand Nights and a Night." Sheykh Yoosuf was a graceful, sweet-looking young man, with a dark-brown face, and such fine manners in his Fellah dress,—a coarse brown woolen shirt, a libdéh or felt scull-cap, and a common red shawl round his head and shoulders,—so gentle, amiable, and refined, so liberal: he says often, "We are all sons of Adam, bad, bad, and good, good." One day Lady Gordon inadvertently answered the Salâm aleykum, which he of course said to Omar on coming in, which is sacramental to Moslems. "Yoosuf blushed crimson, looked unhappy. Yesterday evening he addressed a Salâm to me. He had evidently been thinking it over, and concluded it was not wrong. 'Surely it is well for all the creatures of God to speak peace to each other.' No uneducated Moslem would have arrived at this conclusion! I answered as I felt, 'Peace, O my brother! and God bless thee.'" It was, she adds, almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the communion to a heretic. What a lesson of charity Christians might take from the sweet and tender piety of this Arab! Elsewhere Lady Gordon writes, —

"I wish you could see Sheykh Yoosuf. I think he is the sweetest creature in look and manner I ever beheld,—so refined, so simple, and with the animal grace of a gazelle.

"My poor Sheykh Yoosuf is in great distress about his brother, also a young Sheykh, i.e., one learned in theology and competent to preach in the mosque. Sheykh is come home from studying in El-Azhar at Cairo,—I fear to die. I went with Sheykh Yoosuf, at

his request, and found him gasping for breath and very, very ill. I gave him a little soothing medicine, and put mustard plasters on him; and as they relieved him I went again and repeated them. All the family and a number of neighbors crowded in to look on. There he lay, in a dark little den with bare mud walls, worse off to our ideas than any pauper in England. But these people do not feel the want of comforts, and one learns to think it quite natural to sit with perfect gentlemen in places inferior to our cattle sheds. I pulled some blankets up against the wall, and put my arm behind Sheykh Mohammed's back to make him rest while the poultices were on him, whereupon he laid his green-turbaned head upon my shoulder, and presently held up his delicate brown face for a kiss, like an affectionate child. As I kissed him, a very pious old Moolah said, 'Bismillàh' (in the name of God), with an approving nod, and Sheykh Mohammed's old father, a splendid old man in a green turban, thanked me with effusion, and prayed that my children might always find help and kindness. I suppose if I confessed to kissing 'a dirty Arab,' in a hovel, civilized people would execrate me; but it shows how much there is in 'Moslem bigotry,' 'unconquerable hatred of the Christians,' &c.; for this family are Seyyids (descendants of the prophets) and very pious. Sheykh Yoosuf does not even smoke, and he preaches on Fridays.

"Moslem piety is so unlike what Europeans think it: it is so full of tender emotions, so much more sentimental, than we imagine, and it is wonderfully strong. I used to hear Omar praying outside my door while I was so ill, 'O God! make her better! Oh, may God let her sleep!' as naturally as we should say, 'I hope she will have a good night.' It had an odd, dreamy effect to hear old Hekekian Bey and my doctor discoursing in Turkish at my bedside. I shall always fancy the good Samaritan in a tarboosh and white beard and very long eyes,

"Seleem told me a very pretty grammatical quibble about 'son' and 'prophet' (*apropos* of Christ) on a verse in the gospel, depending on the reduplicative sign (*sheddah*) over one letter. He was just as much put out when I reminded him that the original was written in Greek as some of our amateur theologians are if you say the Bible was not composed in English. However, I told him that many Christians in England, Germany, and America did not believe that Seyyidna Eesa (Jesus) is God; but only the greatest of prophets and teachers. He at once declared that was sufficient; that 'all such had received guidance, and were not among the

rejected.' How could they be, since such Christians only believed the teaching of Eesa, which was true, and not the falsifications of the priests and bishops (the bishops always 'catch it,' as the school-boys say)?

"I gave about ten pence to buy oil, as it is Ramadan, and the mosque ought to be lighted. And the old servant of the mosque kindly promised me full justice at the day of judgment, as I was one of those Nazarenes of whom the Lord Mohammed has said, that they are not proud, and wish well to the Mussulman."

This passage has much theological value :—

"Yesterday I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, — i.e., the low-arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through, and thus the rich man must humble himself. See how a false translation spoils a good metaphor, and turns a familiar simile into a ferociously communist sentiment !

"The Europeans resent being called 'Nasranee,' as a genteel Hebrew gentleman may shrink from the word 'Jew.' But I said boldly, 'I am a Nazarene, praise be to God!' and found it was much approved by the Moslems, as well as the Copts."

This is the way in which a Scotch Christian regards a Christian of Egypt :—

"A very pious Scotch gentleman wondered that I could think of entering a Copt's house; adding that they were the publicans (tax-gatherers) of this country, which is true. I felt inclined to mention that better company than he or I had dined with publicans and even sinners."

Here Lady Gordon is invited to prayer :—

"Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the Sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yoosuf wished to say a *fat'hah* for me; but I must not drink wine on that day. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshiped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer; so, in the evening, I went with Mustafa.

"I was talking the other day with Yoosuf about people trying to make converts, and I uttered that eternal *betise*, 'Oh, they mean well!' — 'True, O lady! perhaps they do mean well; but God says

in the noble Koran that he who injures or torments those Christians whose conduct is not evil, merely on account of religion, shall never smell the fragrance of the garden (paradise). Now, when men begin to want to make others change their faith, it is extremely hard for them not to injure or torment them ; and therefore I think it best to abstain altogether, and to wish rather to see a Christian a good Christian, and a Moslem a good Moslem."

Lady Gordon says, elsewhere, —

"But if people really wish to convert, in the sense of improving, they must insist on what the two religions have in common, and not on the most striking points of difference. That door is open and no other.

"A number of El-Uksur people came in to pay their respects to the great man, and he said to me that he hoped I had not been molested on account of my religion ; and, if I had, I must forgive it, as the people here were so ignorant, and *barbarians were bigots everywhere*. I said, 'The people of El-Eksur are my brothers.' And the Maon said, 'True, the Fellàheen are like oxen, but they are not such swine as to insult the religion of a lady who has served God among them like this one. She risked her life every day. And if she had died,' said the great theologian, 'her place was ready among the martyrs of God, because she showed more love to her brethren than to herself.' Now, if this was humbug, it was said in Arabic, before eight or ten people, by a man of great religious authority. Omar was 'in heaven' to hear his 'Sitt' spoken of 'in such a grand way for the religious.' I believe that a great change is taking place among the Ulema ; that Islam is ceasing to be a mere party flag, just as occurred with Christianity ; and that all the moral part is being more and more dwelt upon. My great Alim also said I had practiced the precepts of the Koran, and then laughed and said, 'I suppose I ought to say the Gospel ; but what matters it? The truth (el-Hakk) is one, whether spoken by our Lord Eesa or by our Lord Mohammed."

Lady Gordon thus writes : —

"My conclusion is the heretical one, that to dream of converting here is absurd, and I will add wrong. All that is wanted is more general knowledge and education, and the religion will clear and develop itself. The elements are identical with those of Christianity, encumbered, as that has been, with asceticism and intolerance.

The creed is simpler, and there are no priests. I think the faith has remained wonderfully rational considering the extreme ignorance of those who hold it."

But these quotations must cease, or we shall transcribe the whole of this fascinating book: it is to be hoped that these letters may yet be published for American readers.

Our authoress makes us distinctly perceive the wide difference between the Turks and Arabs as to their religion, although they are both Mohammedans. The Arab is comparatively free from the ferocity and fanaticism of the Turk; and the Sheykh Yoosuf mentioned above was not only an Arab and a preacher in the mosque, but he was also a descendant of Mohammed, and wore a green turban!

It is not a little thing to say, but it is true, that the river Nile gains in interest by what Lady Gordon has told us of the people who work and pray upon its banks; and, as to Mohammedanism, through these letters it is almost the first time that it has ever been fairly made known in English.

What a strange, benign presence she must have been in Upper Egypt; and what mourning there must have been on the Nile when she died, about eighteen months ago, and "sat among the people no more"!

A stranger in a strange land, she made herself one of the people; for they all called her, 'O my sister!' She acquired their language, and by her active kindness gained their confidence. She won the love of the natives by her "pure religion and undefiled;" and for everybody but bigots she has made herself the genial interpreter of the Arabs.

What sweet and pleasant recollections are left with us after the perusal of these letters! Lady Gordon's companions are ours also; she herself seems almost like a dear personal friend; and we think with Abou Mohammed, when she bent over his sick boy, that we never saw a face "like the pale face of the English lady." We see her sweet acts, and hear her kind words.

"The periodic task
Of written talk is hard to many hearts.
Few only warm it with such living breath
That it becomes a voice."

E. C. M.

EXTRACTS FROM A YOUNG MOTHER'S
JOURNAL.

FEB. 9. Since I was married, I have given up keeping a journal; it seemed to me I had no time for it, every day was so full of pleasures and cares; but I find this is a disappointment to my dear mother; she wants to know more about us than I can send her in one short weekly letter. So now, every day, while baby is asleep, I shall try to write down some of the thoughts and doings of our daily life that she may read them by and by. I can never tell her or anybody how good and kind my John is, or how happy I am. Only one thing troubles me now, but John says I must not let it.

He comes home from his office every afternoon in season to play with baby half an hour before dinner is ready. But the pleasantest time in the day to me is the twilight hour, after we have dined and nurse has carried baby off to bed! If a visitor comes in then I can hardly be polite, it is so good to have John all to myself, and to tell him of all the thoughts that will come to trouble me, and prevent my taking the comfort I otherwise should in my precious, beautiful boy. "John," I said, last night, "do you know Mrs. Snow?" — "The wife of Alden's partner?" said John; "I went to school with Jim, her eldest son, and a wild scamp he was, too. I have seen her sometimes at my mother's; but she had a large family and went out very seldom, I think; she always seemed careworn and unhappy, as if her life had not much sunshine in it." "Just so she looked to-day, John," I said; and then I surprised him by laying my head on his shoulder and bursting into a flood of tears; as if her life's disappointment and sorrow had been my own, too; and so indeed I felt. John comforted me, and I told him all my grief. "I was sorry baby was in the room," I said; "it made poor Mrs. Snow so sad to look at him." "Oh, if we could only keep our babies!" she exclaimed; "but they outgrow our love and our care so soon! And even before they lose these sweet inno-

cent faces, the evil that is in them begins to develop itself, and you can feel the shadow of the trouble that is before you."—"But, Mrs. Snow," I cried, "I hope there isn't any evil in my precious child! does he look like it now, with his sweet smile, and his soft blue eyes? Oh, no, I am sure he will always be good!" and I clasped my darling, and tried to change the subject, and keep her from looking at him; but she went on. "It is better for you to be prepared for the worst, that you may not be disappointed as I have been. I am a broken-hearted woman! Three sons have I seen grow up who were as lovely and as dear to me as your beautiful boy is to you, and I tried to be a good mother to them; but before they were out of petticoats, their wills were stronger than mine: I could not make them obey me, and Mr. Snow did not try to help me; he always said such fine spirit should not be broken; until at last, when Fred, our eldest, began to get into bad company, and stay out late nights, coming home often in a state no mother could bear to tell of, his father was frightened, and grew very severe, trying by every threat and punishment he could think of to restrain him. Fred grew angry then, and threatened to run away from home. I tried to reason with them both, and to hope that Fred's good sense would lead him to do better; but things grew worse and worse: Charley began to follow his example, and at last Fred ran away from home. We have not heard from him for ten years now." "But surely," I said, "your other sons have done better?" "No," said the poor woman, "they too left home without their father's leave, and we seldom hear from them. I am afraid there is little good to hear; and so, Mrs. Bowen, you will not wonder that when I look at your innocent baby I can only feel sorry for you and for him, I know so well what is before you; evil is inborn, and nothing but the grace of God can restore such fallen natures. Even my daughters disappointed me, for they chose husbands of whom neither their father nor I approved, and had no love left for us after they were married. My only hope now is that they may experience a change of heart." I thought I saw signs of grace in Mary's last letter.

"I knew she was wrong, John, but I cannot argue. I wish you had been here to show her that the defects in their early training caused all this trouble ; for it was so, I know ; and yet I cannot feel happy again, for I have felt ever since God gave our darling to us that I am not fit to be his mother. I do not know how to train and educate him, and it frightens me to think what a responsibility rests with me."—"Not with you alone dear," said John. "I shall share the labor, though I do not deny that the mother's influence is often stronger than the father's. We will work together, and God will help us if we are faithful to the light we have. It is hardly strange that poor Mrs. Snow should believe in total depravity, or that she should not see that the cause of all their trouble lay in her own mental and moral weakness, and the ungoverned nature of her husband. How can parents who are but children themselves help others to form well-disciplined religious characters? Can the blind lead the blind? Their experience need not alarm us, though it will be well for us to take this and all similar lessons to heart ; we cannot learn too much on this important subject."—"I know it, John," I replied ; "and I want you to buy all the books you can find about it for me to read."

"Your own observation and thought will help you more than books," said John ; "I believe the work must most of it be done within ourselves. A child's nature is often a mere reflection of that of his parents, and it is strange how much more readily they seem to catch the weak points than the strong ones. My friend, Mrs. Dow, who, I must confess, is something of a gossip, has a little daughter who will tell you as much news in half an hour as you can read in "The Journal" in a week ; and I have noticed that Jim Hunt senior and young Jim seem always to be contending for the possession of some luxury when I am there : sometimes 'tis the easiest arm-chair, or sometimes the hottest breakfast-cakes. Young Jim generally gains the battle, because he clamors loudest and gets the mother on his side."

"We must set our boy a good example always, and be unselfish, true, and gentle if we want to see him develop those

qualities. Let us be masters of ourselves, and teach him to control himself while he is young, and we need not fear for his future." — "Oh, but that is just what is so dreadful!" I cried; "we must be models always, and how can I live under such constant restraint? I am full of faults, and I have never had to think anything about my example before; at least, I never did think of it, though I know mother used to ask me to, for Sister Lizzie's sake. Now, that I have such an object, I will try hard, of course, but I can see that I ought to have learned all that before I became a wife and mother. I am sorry for you, dear John, for you deserve a better wife."

Then of course John told me he knew just what I was, and he would not have me any different; we would all help each other: and if Philip should discover, when he was old enough to analyze our characters, that we were not faultless, it would not lessen his respect for us, if he saw that we were conscious of our faults and were striving to overcome them. We would talk to him of Christ, whose life is the model for us all, and has in it lessons for both parents and children.

"We must learn, dear Kate," John said, "to look all truth in the face bravely. Some people seem to enjoy life only while they can live on the surface of it, ignoring the earnest opportunities it presents for study and for action; but this must not be our way.

"The influence which we exert, consciously or unconsciously, upon others at all times is to me one of the most serious subjects for thought; yes, and for prayer to: for while nothing seems to me so well worth living for as to influence another soul for good, so nothing is so dreadful as the consciousness that I may even unintentionally put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall, in a brother's way. And this responsibility we cannot escape. If one should say, 'I cannot exert any influence over my fellow men; my life is not good enough for it: I will only try to do no harm to anybody, will live quietly devoted to my own work, so that when I die I may at least have the comfort of feeling that the world is no worse for my having lived in it,'—when his spiritual eyes were opened, he might be pained to find that the

wasted life he deemed so inoffensive had done an immeasurable amount of harm ; for some other, whose life might have been valuable to God and man, had been taught idleness and selfishness by his example ; and this one was in his turn influencing others, so that the current of evil he himself had set in motion would never cease. When my Philip is a man, I hope he will be less selfish than his father ; but I know he will not be unless I give him a constant example of unselfishness in my own life. So you see I have some hard work to do, dear Kate, as well as yourself ; but we must not let it depress us ; we can only —

“ Watch and fight and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help divine implore.”

FEB. 12. Yesterday I came to Boston, with nurse and baby, to spend a week with Cousin Jenny. We arrived late in the afternoon, and received such a hearty, clamorous welcome from the four children, that poor little Philip was frightened, and cried piteously. Everything was strange to him, and the long ride had tired him, I suppose, so I had to take him to my own room immediately to comfort him : he was unwilling even to be left with nurse, and he refused to go to sleep for so long a time that I had to have tea brought up to me, and did not go down to the parlor until the children had gone to bed and the house was quiet. There I found Jenny and Mr. Severns waiting to see me, but I found it hard to seem bright and interested in anything, I was so tired and homesick.

I think I shall get some valuable hints about the education of children here, but I fear they will all come in the way of warnings rather than example.

I like to have baby sleep as late as he will in the morning, and I prize my own morning naps too, especially after such a journey as yesterday's ; but long before light this morning we were wakened by the two little boys in the room next to mine ; they were rushing about, screaming and singing, fight-

ing battles with their pillows, turning somersaults, making as much noise, in short, as an unruly school at recess. Philip, being frightened, began to cry; and the boys hearing that came rushing into my room in their night-gowns, without even a tap at the door, begging me to let them take him. I tried to quiet them, and finally persuaded them to dress themselves and go to the nursery to play until breakfast time. They had hardly gone when the little girls came, and, without waiting to be invited, got into bed with us! I hope visitors here are not always treated in this way; probably this is an especial attention to me on baby's account. I must ask Jenny to interfere to prevent its happening again, for it made Philip cross all the morning, he who is usually so sunny and good! I am sorry to have any one get such an impression of him.

The children all stayed at home from school to-day on our account, Jenny said. If they had had an extra session on our account it would have pleased me more; they are so noisy and tiresome. I wonder if they carry every point as easily as they did this!

13th. This morning's experience was not very different from yesterday's. Jenny spoke to the boys before they went to bed, but they evidently are not used to remembering her words long; so when we were thoroughly awake I heard her come to the boys and tell them they "must be quiet, or Cousin Kate would never bring little Philip here again." The effect of this appeal lasted about three minutes; then I heard Mr. Severns' sister Laura talking with the boys, and she finally carried them off to her own room on the other side of the house. After breakfast Jenny told me that Laura wanted to exchange rooms with my tormenters while I am here. I had a long talk with her when we came up stairs to dress for dinner; it made me like her and pity her for her position here where she sees so well what ought to be done for these children, and longs to help them without having it in her power to do so. They are bright and promising, she says, and could easily be trained to be all that is lovely and good; but they know that their mamma never insists upon

obedience, and their papa seldom notices them at all, unless their behavior is especially outrageous, so they run wild, and have their own way about almost everything. Jenny will not allow Laura to interfere at all, and the children, taking their cue from their mother, meet any remonstrance she ventures to make with some disagreeable speech about their "old-maid aunt," "how thankful they are she is not their mamma," "how cross she is," &c. So the poor woman really finds her life very unpleasant, though her brother little imagines it is so. Jenny, she says, "means to be kind, but has exalted ideas about the prerogatives of a mistress of the house, and thinks she is interfering wherever she tries to help."

I could not help sympathizing with her, for I should feel exactly as she does if I were in her place.

It certainly seems to me that those women who would make the best mothers are the ones who oftenest remain unmarried. However, this may be only because they have so much time for observation and reflection, I suppose. Laura certainly has looked far into the matter, and has given me valuable suggestions.

14th. Jenny's Roger is a perfect little gourmand. When he is not eating, he is constantly telling us what he would like to eat. When he came to the dinner-table to-day, he looked it over eagerly, and exclaimed, "Oh! mutton chops! mamma, you know I don't like that; there ain't anything here I like. What can I eat?" His mother mildly suggested a baked potato. "Baked potato!" he repeated, in a tone of great disgust; "Mayn't I have some maple syrup?" "Yes," said mamma; "Sarah, bring some maple syrup for Master Roger, and there are some crullers too I think he would like." Oh, it is too bad! The child has a delicate stomach too, and, as it is always overloaded, he is pale and peevish, and his mother is anxious about him, and indulges him all the more on this account. I do not think I could have made just this mistake, or that John would have allowed it; but I am glad my attention has been called to it, for I see that no better way could be found to teach a child self-control than this. With my help Philip shall learn to deny himself the

things that are not good for him ; and I will try to teach him to know when his hunger is satisfied ; for I believe that if a habit of self-denial is established in this way when he is a child, he will never be governed by his appetite when he is a man.

I said this to Laura when we came up stairs after dinner. She quite agreed with me, and added, " I believe such self-denial, and a certain degree of abstemiousness, would not only conduce to a well-disciplined nature, but is of absolute use and necessity in the training of a child's mind. When nature is constantly called upon to give her best strength to the digestion of food, the brain is robbed of its dues ; the mind cannot work to advantage at the same time. The child who hurries off to school after eating a hearty and indigestible breakfast, is dull all the morning ; he cannot keep his mind on his lessons, and he is often accounted stupid, when a weak digestion and an overtasked stomach are to blame for it all. If the child is ambitious, he works hard to overcome what he is taught to believe a natural deficiency, and then Nature, who cannot answer the urgent demands which the stomach and the brain are making upon her at once, takes her revenge by calling his nerves into action, and making him conscious of a force which soon becomes his weakness, and is his greatest enemy all the rest of his life.

" I verily believe," Laura added, " that no human eloquence could show us the amount of misery of which the stomach is the cause ; only we should not call that the cause, but rather the ignorance, or weakness of will, in the poor creatures who become its victims."

When Laura had gone to her own room, I came directly to my journal to write down all she had said, lest I should forget it before I can repeat it to John.

I have invited Laura to go home with us to-morrow. I think it will be a rare treat to hear John and her talk together. I know they will agree admirably.

How I long to be at home ! Unless Jenny's family government improves, I can never bring Philip here again. I have felt thankful all the time that he was no older.

THE IDES OF MAY.

THE bobolink! Again I hear
The merriest bird of all the year.
As through my opened window floats
The gladsome music of his notes,
Mingling with thrush and sparrow's song,
And tuneful rivals still prolong
The happy chorus, from my heart
The lingering shadows all depart.

The night was dark, and o'er my soul
A thousand sad forebodings stole,
While memory's faithful glass had shown
As many joys forever flown.
I courted sleep, but yet my grief
Had found in slumber no relief;
But dreams, and fearful visions, still
Thronged in, my misery's cup to fill.

At length the daybreak in the East
My heart from fear in part released.
The small fly-catcher first awakes,
The second part the robin takes,
And then the wren and vireo
Begin with song to overflow.
The hang-bird's clear and mellow tune
And cat-bird's matins follow soon.
While richer grows the harmony
Still from my soul the shadows flee.
But when at last from bobolink's throat
Bursts out the long imprisoned note,
In liquid sweetness, without measure,
Bubbling his ecstatic pleasure,
Then 'tis sunrise in my heart,
In his pure joy I take a part;
And, while he sings, I silent raise
My morning hymn of thanks and praise.

H. T.

NATIONAL AGGRANDIZEMENT.

A FAST-DAY SERMON. BY C. A. BARTOL.

Thou hast increased the nation. — ISA. XXVI. 15.

THIS implies something — beyond human willfulness or accident — *divine* in a people's growth, whether we mean growth of population, territory, art, knowledge, virtue, happiness, or peace.

The Hebrew tribes had been increased by return from what was called the dispersion, as we have by recovery of seceding population, — fugitive communities having been tried as the offset of human slaves. But if a country thrive it will be in all its parts at once like a human organism.

Let us try to trace the law, the moral, in what we call Manifest Destiny.

I. National growth, like individual, to be true and healthy must be *natural*. As Jesus said, the seed "groweth up we know not how," so Solomon said we know not "how the bones grow" in an unborn child; yet one thing we know, — it is by natural degrees, too minute to measure or see. Mr. Mulford, author of that interesting book called "The Nation," maintains that a nation, like a man, is a *person*, — thousands and millions rolled and incorporated into one vast personality, which has its own proper stature and characteristic intelligence and will. If so, its increase must be gradual on like conditions with private vitality. If your boy or girl shoots up suddenly you are alarmed, lest like corn that, as farmers say, spindles too soon, they thin into consumption, and perish without fit and beautiful fruit. If a man or woman growing old make very rapid gain of flesh, it is not the best sign, does not signify enhanced, but declining, vigor, and threatens inertness, feeble organs, and a halting foot. If, on a luxurious diet of rich meats and stimulating drink, your frame expands, rejoice as you will in the more pounds you weigh in the scales, you will find you have neither the strength nor agility of more slender and elastic forms. So

size in a nation is not growth. Swift accessions of land are not of course wholesome growth: they may be but fat and bloat. Ambition to enlarge their borders is the trait, the vice, of nations as of single land-owners. Does that piece over the fence yonder belong to you? said a visitor to his country host. No: but I must have it! was the reply. A nation shorn of its ancient bounds feels like a man with his hand or arm cut off. Poor France without Alsace and Lorraine lies like an amputated patient on the bed, forgetting how greedily she swallowed Nice and Savoy, while Germany, like a young giant, leaps with joy at outgrowing her old garments; and Russia covets control of the Black Sea, and wants to eat up Turkey like the savory barn-yard bird on the smoking dish; and we, having stretched from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Sea, are hungry for Canada on the north still, and these West Indies on the south, that seem to have lighted like a flock of birds just at our door, a capital mark inviting us to take out our gun. There is such a thing as a righteous and salutary national growth into dimensions, — who shall say how large? — but it must be natural, that is, seasonable, in a timely and orderly proportion, like the increment of a crystal. How was Alaska, whose purchase some favored who resist to the death the acquisition of San Domingo, got? Rather by reaching out our hand for a spasmodic clutch, as one strikes with his neighbor what he thinks a good bargain. By no simple progress did our census take it on. Doubtless we can accommodate the cold, barren strip to which nobody will dispute our right. The British possessions on the St. Lawrence, and the Antilles standing guard off the Florida shore, will doubtless be joined to the domain they skirt. But all in good time, my friends! Be not in haste. Do not grasp. Don't snatch, say the eager nations crowding at the board. We, a great country, at least a large one, cannot afford to be land-grabbers like a little upstart or despot, Baez or Cabral, or any jobber or adventurer under their auspices, lurking and contriving for private spoils out of civil revolution and change. When the long arms reaching across the sea get

tired of holding these Western colonies, and the notion of a Black empire, like any founded purely on race, proves a delusion,—every great nation, like Rome, England, the United States, having been formed of that mixture of races necessary to enrich the public mind and common life,—then these adjoining isles and provinces may not be annexed, but fall to us by the logic of events. Meantime our strength is to wait, our policy a masterly inactivity, till, as Napoleon said, the pear is ripe, and need not be plucked, but will drop into our lap of its own weight. No doubt it might be a good thing for San Domingo to come to us now. Douglas's blood divines better than Sumner's brain. But would it be a good thing for us? How much ignorance and barbarism is our stomach able to bear while ku-klux outrages in the South prove our virtue insufficient as yet to assimilate the brutal relics of slavery, to eliminate its virus from our veins, to convince the old "lords of the lash" that theirs is indeed, as Mr. Pollard says, a lost cause, and to establish our title to our own? Alas! we are like boys hankering after green fruit, such as Texas was when we seized it prematurely and were gripped with such dreadful indigestion, national dyspepsia for years. All our domestic difficulties how aggravated by the new opportunity human bondage thought it saw to spread. The horrible system of modern Feudalism and plantation-tyranny, which we might else have voted down and discouraged by immense majority, especially had the women voted, with this advantage thrown on its side, we had to fight down. Beware let us of so untimely o'ervaulting of ourselves again! Let us not spoil what we long for by pulling or pushing or shaking the boughs. I doubt if Adam and Eve were punished for eating anything, apple or what not, that grew in the garden, as if God forbade what he set out, but for eating the apple before it was ripe.

II. Justice. The law of growth, being natural, will be also just, though to the superior it seem natural to have the lion's share. Many things are growing in this world, and whatever has a right to grow at all is entitled to its relative ratio of room, as each root or plant is to its portion of the entire

seed-plot. If I grow and flourish anywise at the expense of my family and friends, suck out their life and substance for my support, as you see one tree thriving on, making nutriment and manure out of the decaying stock of another, or as, of two persons sleeping together, one imparts disease and robs his fellow of health, then I am a thief and a villain, however big I become. So with one nation that grows at another's cost. Strong nations are able to withstand or prevent encroachment; but how saucy they have always been themselves, and how often weak ones are their prey! Don't you think, said the traveler Baker to the unbelieving African chief, there ought to be a future life to reward the good? No, said the chief, what you call being good is nothing but being weak. The moment a man gets strong he is bad. Only cowards are good. It must be confessed the conduct of nations too much bears out the savage view. Witness Poland, Hungary, Mexico! See the mighty nations swallow their feeble neighbors with as small compunction as the Anaconda does the victim he only licks over with his tongue to make him go down the easier! No nation, however, being small, can claim to monopolize regions enormously beyond its capacity to cultivate and civilize. A few Indian tribes had no business to turn this whole continent into a mere hunting-ground. Not without a righteous Providence the Pilgrim-seed was blown across the sea to catch in the soil and spring up into the fast-becoming foremost nation of the globe. But when that nation allows its citizens and agents with fraud and whiskey to drive the scattered remnants of the old occupiers of the whole space into miserable corners for their huts and graves, what does it win but an unjust and unwholesome growth? When its fleet of ships of war sails to secure the annexation of that half-island called Dominica by overawing the little Republic of Hayti, where is the equity? Who sees not 'tis a course we should venture on, were it, instead of Hayti, Prussia or England? Not a soldier was landed, not a cannon fired, say the apologists. But if one take out a pistol and point it at my breast, is it a sufficient atonement that he does not shoot, when he gets out of me all he wants with-

out waste of powder and ball? A sea-captain taking out a revolver in his cabin, merely for a menace, was very properly shot by the sheriff, the bullet going through his hat, not his head. The very flaunting of our flag, the bare idea of invasion in those waters, was an error and international crime. But on the part of our Executive, not a conscious wrong, but a soldier's mistake, fancying himself at the head of an army instead of one branch of a co-ordinate, carefully balanced government. Is it the unpardonable sin? The morality of some people seems to be, only find a sinner and you have a perfect right to maul him to death. Your implacableness is a worse fault than you avenge! I plead for some arrest of judgment, or commutation of capital punishment in this case. I speak not as a Republican or Democrat: I belong to neither party. I only want the next to be a good President, be it Grant or not. The pulpit has a right to ask you to be fair in politics as in any department of life; and whatever may have been the influence of pecuniary jobbers, aspiring politicians, or brave navy officers after such a long rest from strife, spoiling for some semblance of a fight, or itching for a little practice just to keep their hand in, — of corrupt design on the part of the chief magistrate there is no proof. To charge him with neglecting southern loyalists, to lead in outrage as bad as they have to resist, is as ungenerous as it is unjust, as questionable in temper as it is in conscience, while devoid of evidence in the motives of the man assailed, who has annexed something to this country already, and whose silence may win against censorious speech. I must take leave to note a certain general violence and rancor, a want of moderation, gravity, equity, and candor to opponents as marking our congressional debates. Is it, as my friend said, because they all want to be President? England and Germany could teach us lessons of parliamentary propriety. Not that when principle is involved in great issues of right and wrong discussion should be tame. Holy indignation, burning passion for rectitude, has its excuse, nay, overpowering charm. The worst is, our legislative excitement seems rhetorical more than volcanic, — a sort of painted fire, — sometimes the

stream and wrath of wounded egotism instead of the grand voice and thunder-tone of injured truth ; and men, who have been slaying each other with vile epithets in the nation's eye, like some lawyers caring nothing for their cause but to win, fall straightway to chatting and smiling as though nothing had taken place. But the substantial grief remains, that in over-haste for national aggrandizement the administration has been guilty of an offense. It should be repented of, abandoned and condoned. If you want a summer-house, 'build it on your own premises ! Seize not for it an island of the sea till it come freely into your hand of its own accord. It is refreshing to see all the Democrats meeting the eminent Republicans so magnanimously on this sacred ground ! Behold the wonder of antagonist presses preaching the same lofty faith. What a virtue in the masses the popularly organized, as well as the honor-professing party, represents ! Spite of Texan recollections, it must be that the mouth of this country does not, after all, water for the tempting fruit of annexation any more, and my admonition will prove needless to all sides, under this head, unless the breaking up of one great party prove its mission ended, and the swelling of another illustrate Christ's old words, "Where the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

III. Humanity must be the law of a nation's as well as a private person's growth. My unfolding mind or body must not only interfere with or hurt, it must positively benefit mankind. Else I have no business any longer to exist. If a country, like Naples, or Turkey, or the Pope's Temporality, is not a blessing, let it cease. Prudence, said Rufus Choate, is for a nation the prince of virtues. No : the benevolence that sends out exploring expeditions of science or after lost navigators, or throws its weight for liberty and just law, is a nobler trait and will advance a nation more than that selfish providence for its own pocket and ease which makes England hated now by every other power, Russia, Prussia, America, and France in the *delirium tremens* of revolution,—and has been just satirized by one of England's own authors under the title of "Dame Europa's School." John Quincy Adams

said China had no right to shut out the commerce of the globe. Nor has Japan, the commerce of those liberal ideas and humane sentiments that would abolish her superstitious customs. Our treatment of the Chinese, which has produced the keenest satire of American literature from the pen of Bret Harte, shows what inhuman spirit still hinders the best success of our struggle for life. If we grow naturally, justly, and humanely, we shall grow really, whether according to legal precedent or not, as the addition of Louisiana was thought accordant with the actual though not written constitution. But while the rebel element is rampant, such men as Jefferson Davis reward our forbearance with reviling our fundamental law, and predicting the triumph over the nation of that State sovereignty it took a million lives to put down, the poison will work. God grant our rulers wisdom to expel it, alike without violation of true local liberty or sapping anywise the patient's hopeful health and life.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

BY FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

THE form of Jesus passed from the earth, but the truth, and love, and grace which were in him, and which had dwelt for a season among men, did not pass from the earth with his mortal frame. They lived on in the spirits of those who believed on him. Through the faith of these believers the narrow boundary which shut in Christ's immediate action widened out over distant lands; through this faith the work of Christ extended beyond the limits of his mortal life, increasing with the increase of years; through it Jesus Christ still acts upon the world, and he who, eighteen hundred years ago, went about Galilee and Judæa doing good, now, through the faith of millions of believers, goes about the whole world doing good; is, under God, chief among the spiritual leaders of mankind.

What is this faith in Christ through which this work has been done? What is faith? It seems sometimes as though we missed understanding religious things by trying too hard to understand them, by straining our minds in our effort to discover them, by seeking them as far as possible outside of our common knowledge and experience. It seems wiser to begin our inquiry by looking into near and familiar places, and seeing if we may not there discover some trace of what we seek. When we believe in any one, what is it that makes up our faith in him? May we not say simply and in general that faith in any one is the judgment of our minds that he is worthy to be trusted, joined with the leaning of our hearts to trust him? This complex process of thought and feeling may be gone through with unconsciously, but we become conscious of it, at any rate, when we are losing faith in one whom we had trusted, when our hearts which will have it so strive with our minds which declare that it is not so; and we may have had the brighter experience of gaining faith in a friend, by gradually perceiving in one whom we had loved, but whose excellence we had mistrusted, virtues at first unrecognized. Faith in any person, then, we may call in general a leaning, attachment, or allegiance of our minds and hearts to that person. If our minds are disaffected, if we are suspicious of a person's claims upon us, our faith cannot but be weak at best, nor if our hearts hold back, can our faith be strong. But when both mind and heart consent, when our judgment, and affection both agree, when the one says it is so, and the other responds to it, then we have faith.

If we consider those whom we believe in, we shall find that our faith in different persons varies with their character. One man we believe to be honest, and him we trust for his honesty. Another man we believe to be wise, to be able to see the truth regardless of persons or circumstances, and him we trust for his wisdom; and so we might go on, and for every one of our acquaintance we should find we had a different faith, varying with the character of the persons. And again, if we should take a man's friends, if we should take a number of persons who all agreed in believing in one man,

and should learn precisely what kind of faith each one had in him, we should find that no two men believed in him in precisely the same way ; that while all believed in him, yet the nature of that faith, while in all it might have certain general features of likeness, while in many it might be almost identical, varied nevertheless in each one according to his own peculiar character and attainments, according to the justness of his judgment, the warmth of his heart, his knowledge of the man, and his sympathy with him. The simpler the character of the person who was the object of their faith, the greater would be the likeness in his friends' faith in him ; the more complete and the higher his character, the greater would be the diversity in his friends' faith in him.

Take, for instance, our faith in two very different men, Napoleon Bonaparte and Shakespeare. Our faith in these men varies with their character. We believe in Napoleon as a soldier, as a wonderful commander, one of those rare natures in whom is coiled up a mysterious power over men, at whose word a mixed multitude, a confused mass of men, collects itself, takes shape and form, organizes itself into one body, and moves irresistible and overwhelming, yet obedient to the controlling will of its superior. We believe in Napoleon as one of the world's great captains, fit to rank with restless Alexander, and imperial Cæsar, and with his own great antagonist and conqueror. But we believe in Shakespeare as a poet, as a man of marvelous creative imagination, of wonderful insight into the things of nature and into the heart of man, of universal sympathy with nature and man ; we believe in him as the crowning glory of our English tongue. Thus we believe in both, but our faith in them varies with their character. And again, take the faith of different persons in Shakespeare. Take a number of persons who all believe in him and question them as to the nature of their faith in him. Some would know little of him except his name, and would believe in him through faith in the general judgment of mankind. Others would be familiar with the common quotations from him ; their faith would be mostly held upon trust in the public judgment, but would be a little

enlightened by personal knowledge. Others, again, would have read some of his plays, or seen them acted, and felt their power. And others would have read him, and understood him, and loved him. It is plain that the faith of these persons varies with each one's character and attainments; that the one who believes in Shakespeare after reading him has a different faith in him, and a faith more firmly based, than the one who only believes in him from hearsay; that he who understands him and sympathizes with him has a better faith in him than he who does not understand or sympathize with him.

Our faith in any person, then, is conditioned both by that person's character and nature, and by our own character and nature. Faith in any one to be firm must be based upon some excellence in him, and, supposing that excellence to exist, our faith in it will be perfect, according as our knowledge and understanding of it and our sympathy with it are perfect.

Faith in Christ is subject to these same conditions. It presupposes the existence and the excellence of Christ's person, and it demands of us knowledge of him, understanding of his thought and life, and sympathy with him, or love and reverence for him. If Christ's thought and life be false and wrong, then is our Christian faith baseless, then the sooner it passes away the better, then we may be sure that it will pass away. The only sure foundation for our Christian faith must ever be the reality and the truth of Christ's personality, of his thought, or teaching, of his life, or example. That is the central point of Christianity. If we believe in Christ, if our minds and hearts acknowledge him as our spiritual leader, acknowledge his thought as true, his life as transcendently good, then are we by right Christians, let who-soever may deny it.

Faith in Christ, then, has for its object a fixed and unalterable fact,—Christ himself. No device of man, no cunning of priestcraft, no pious fraud, no revolutionary passion, no human shortsightedness or malice, can in the slightest degree alter that fact. And yet, if we were to ask our Christian

neighbors what they mean by faith in Christ, we should get a great variety of answers. And if we could get beneath their formal answers, and read what is written in their consciences, get at the real nature of their Christian faith, we should find another diversity. While we might find more substantial agreement than we had looked for, while we might find large numbers of persons whose faith agreed in complexion and general features, we should yet find each individual to have an individual faith varying from all the rest even as one man's face varies from all other men's. The cause of this diversity in the faith of Christians is not far to seek; for Christian faith not only requires an object of belief, but demands knowledge and sympathy, or allegiance, in the believer, so that for a number of believers to have an identical faith would require not only that the object of that faith should be one and the same object, but that the nature and state of all the believers should be identical. Such entire unity of Christian faith is impossible, even if it were desirable. We have not all the same powers, nor the same opportunities, nor are all equally faithful. We are, however, all alike in one sad particular, that we are all imperfect, that the wisest and best of us only knows in part, and only obeys in part, and therefore the faith of all of us is imperfect. If our knowledge and understanding of Christ, of his thought and life, were co-extensive with that thought and life, if our obedience were co-extensive with our knowledge, then, but not till then, would our Christian faith be perfect; and that faith is comparatively perfect in proportion as we know and comprehend Christ's teaching and example, and in proportion as this knowledge becomes conviction and bears fruit in our lives. There is some lamentation over the decline of Christian faith at the present time, and though it is very doubtful if there be such a decline, it is certainly true that there is now, and always has been, a lamentable lack of this faith in the world, and that every effort should be made to renew and increase it in ourselves and others. How may we renew and increase faith in Christ? There may be other useful ways, but the simplest, and perhaps the most effectual, and certainly the

hardest method, is to renew the elements of this faith in ourselves, — that is, the fact of Christ's personality, of his thought and life, remaining fixed, if that thought and life be true, as we believe, then we must renew and increase our knowledge and understanding of it, and our loyalty to it, so that his thought shall become more perfectly teaching to us, his life become more perfectly example to us : we must strive to perfect our faith.

And how shall we know that our faith is the true faith? What authority can we have that we may not be mistaken? We can have no infallible authority ; we may be mistaken. We can have no infallible authority, and yet we may have some authority. We may have the authority of our consciences, enlightened by the experience of mankind, and by the teaching and the lives of the wise and good who have lived before us and are living now. We may have the authority of our consciences, acting under direct and full responsibility to God, their maker, and under the sanctions of his law ; and in proportion as our consciences are enlightened and pure and single and devout, open to God's truth, will our authority be strong. Three hundred and fifty years ago, Martin Luther was summoned to the bar of the Roman Church to answer for the doctrines he had published. He came to Worms and appeared before the Diet. Called upon to recant what he had written, he made his defense, and, under peril of his life and liberty, stood up against the power of the Roman Church. And when, at the close of his defense, he said, " Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen," — we feel that he spoke with authority, with the authority of a devout conscience, obedient to its vision of the truth. And such must be our authority. We stand under the awful sanctions of God's eternal law. We know that error and sin, that all wrong of thought or act, must be atoned by ours or by others' suffering. We know that in truth and goodness only does our real life consist. We know that we are responsible to God for the minds which he has given us, for the truth which he has given us power to apprehend, that we are responsible to God for our

hearts and spirits, for the life which he has given us power to live. Under this responsibility we stand, under the responsibility to perfect our faith.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also," that is the sweet fruit of true faith in Jesus Christ, that through it we grow like him. It is the same with faith in any one. If we know and love a friend, and believe in him, we find ourselves, insensibly it may be yet surely, growing like him, moulded, as the poet says, "by silent sympathy." In proportion as he is worthy of our faith, and as our faith in him is perfect, does he act upon our hearts and affect and influence our lives; and so it is with Christ, our friend, our eldest brother, "first-born among many brethren."

It is one of the bright signs of the times that Christendom is searching so diligently into the life of Jesus. With the deeper and better knowledge of him, which will be the final result of these inquiries, we may safely predict a great revival of Christian faith, a great renewing of Christian life. There are some who fear this searching and prying into the old records, who are afraid that criticism will leave nothing to criticise, that a scientific inquest into the foundations of our faith will result in a report that no such foundations exist. I trust that none of us have such weak faith as that, that we all believe that the more we seek the more we shall find, the more we shall know; that the better we know Jesus, the more we shall love him, the more faith we shall have in him, the more we shall grow like him. The fruit of a true faith in Jesus Christ is that through it we grow like him, like him in mind and heart and conscience, like him in life and spirit. Like him, we grow into a faith in our heavenly Father, into a trust in God's infinite wisdom and love. From him we learn to look on every man as our brother, and on mankind as one great household, whose head is God. From him we apprehend the reality of an eternal world of justice and of love, the reality of a life unlimited by our frail mortality. From him we learn the infinite perfectibility of our spirits, the power given us by God to grow into a likeness to himself; the infinite perfectibility of mankind, the possibility and the

hope of a united humanity, of a universal church, of a kingdom of God upon the earth. From him we learn to overcome error with truth, despair with faith, sin with love ; and from his faith and love, from his great heart and spirit, we draw refreshment and new strength.

The fruit of true faith in Christ is to make him who has it become Christian, and we have here a searching test of the quality and genuineness of our Christian faith. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." We can afford to smile at the tests sometimes applied to decide who has faith in Christ and who has not, who is a Christian and who is not ; but that terrible test of doing the will of our heavenly Father goes to the heart of the matter. Living a Christian life, doing the works of Christ, following him in his filial obedience to his Father's will, that is the crucial test, as it is the blessed fruit of Christian faith. In proportion as that faith is pure and strong within us are we prepared to enter the kingdom of heaven which may come on earth, if only we be fit to enter into it.

And this applies not only to the faith of the individual Christian, but to the collective faith of a church. A church, too, must be judged by its fruits. When a church guards faithfully the precious traditions of the past ; when it fosters Christian truth and life ; when its members by their union support each other, and help each other to be more Christian men and women ; when its services keep alive and increase holy hopes, affections, and aspirations ; when its worship is at once the expression and the nourishment of Christian faith ; when those who come to it go not away empty, but take home with them some increase of Christian truth, some increase of Christian life ; when the poor and the ignorant may look to it with hope ; when, in a word, it is continuing the work of Christ, and helping all connected with it to live Christian lives ; when its collective action is in the cause of truth and honesty, of love, and humanity, and piety ; — then we may feel sure that that church has faith in Christ, is a true Christian church.

No shrewd devices, no politic schemes, no ingenious ecclesiastical machinery, can take the place of this faith. Without it, a church is but a semblance, however politic its organization, however great its number, however imposing its outward show. With this faith, though only two or three be gathered together for common worship and for mutual help, there is a true church ; for it is this faith which is the soul of the church, the original and vital source, from whence all the churches of Christendom have sprung, and which sustains them still in health and vigor.

DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.*

WITHOUT at all compromising his theory about the ancestral relations of the human race, Mr. Darwin might have made one concession to the injured pride of many of his readers by adopting the more consistent title of "The Ascent of Man." For certainly "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," as Mr. Spencer phrases the import of Darwin's theory, have resulted in an improved and upward development in humanity.

It is curious to observe that both the fright and the indignation excited to so intense a degree by the first announcement of the ultimate application of his theory by Mr. Darwin, have to a great degree subsided. Many of the religious

* The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin. With illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

The Genesis of Species. By St. George Mivart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

journals which first recognized it with invective and ridicule, the expressions of horror and disgust, are now dealing with it temperately and with reassured courage as a simple scientific question. There are two chief reasons for the subsidence or cooling of that intense excitement just referred to. One of these is the reiterated assertion by men of science like Mr. Mivart, who profess also to hold an unimpaired religious faith in God and Christ and immortality, that Mr. Darwin's theory is not at any point hostile to or inconsistent with such a faith. The question between specific creations — the calling into being by a creative fiat of each one of all the varied forms of organic life, and the derivation of all those forms successively from one original germ potentially including them all — does not at all touch the issue as to whether there is or is not a Creator. Mivart, in the second of the books of which we have given the titles, insists most earnestly and with an admirable calmness, persuasiveness, and force of pleading on this point. Moreover, he shows that there is nothing new in the alternative thus presented. He quotes from the highest orthodox authorities, Christian Fathers like St. Augustine, the Christian schoolmen like St. Thomas, positive avowals of a belief, as more consistent with the Divine Nature and attributes, that God created all things by the potentiality of development in the ovum of the universe. So far, then, as this reassurance of religious faith, as not assailed or impaired by the Darwinian theory, has rallied from the first shock which it received, we have one reason for the calmness and intended candor of consideration with which the full development of it is now entertained. But we think there is another and a far more effective reason for this changed feeling in the fact that Darwin's theory, as applied to man, falls so far short of being demonstrated or proved. The assertion of it in simple terms, followed by a few comprehensive statements of its simplicity, its probability, and the sort of evidence which can be adduced for it, is one thing; the elucidation of it in details, by tracing the means, the stages, and the transitional links of the marvelous process, is quite another thing. Already have the complications into which the details

of his theory lead him become embarrassing to Mr. Darwin himself, and with admirable candor he acknowledges that at least his method and line of direction for establishing his theory have been at more than one point effectively challenged by other scientists, and especially by the writer of an able article in "The North-British Review" for June, 1867. He has therefore modified his theory. Mr. Mivart is the most instructive and fearless of the host of scientific men who have subjected the theory to the severest tests. While avowing that he is not repelled by the theory, nor unimpressed by the force of argument and the show of evidence to be adduced for it, Mr. Mivart most certainly cripples it. The aim of his book is to show, by demonstration, that the genesis of species cannot be accounted for by "Selection in Relation to Sex" alone, but involves at least other necessary favoring and co-operative agencies, of so undefined a working that we are still left in the dark as to the verification of the theory.

A curious issue is raised as to the amount of time during which this earth has been available as the scene and the repository of means and resources for the developing process through which a lichen or a weed has culminated, through sea and land, plants and creatures, into a Darwin or one of his compeers. We have come freely to allow that time is of no account in creation and its outgrowths. The man of science may draw on unlimited duration. He may take for granted epochs of such dizzy and abysmal perspective as to be definable only by arithmetical statement. So, at least, we had admitted. But Mr. Mivart puts in rather a stingy limitation here. He seeks to approximate to the total allowable amount of time which other sciences will grant us at the service of the processes of organic evolution. Sir William Thomson has from three distinct lines of inquiry offered such an approximation: first, from the action of the tides on the earth's rotation; second, from the probable length of time during which the sun has illuminated this planet; third, from the temperature of the interior of the earth. The conclusion which Thomson reaches is, that all geological history show-

ing continuity of life on this earth, must be limited within some such period of time as one hundred million years. One would think that was a generous allowance, giving time enough for almost anything, even for a most harmonious result from the play of the atomic theory. But the allowance is found wholly inadequate. Known and measurable and inferable processes cannot be hurried up in that way. Twenty-five million years is pronounced to be but a moderate computation for the deposition of the strata down to and including the Upper Silurian. This deposition represents only a hundredth part of the time needed for the whole evolutionary work. So that two thousand five hundred million years — twenty-five times as much of time as other sciences leave at our disposal — are required by Darwin. He tells us, when speaking of the extinction of many races of men, known as historical events, that "Humboldt saw in South America a parrot which was the sole living creature that could speak the language of a lost tribe." What Max Müller will have to say to this we wait to hear. For if the philologists as well as the geologists and astronomers insist upon finishing up their sciences within a twenty-fifth part of the time which Darwin wants we fear that his theory will be much further complicated.

A few passages extracted from Mr. Darwin's work, as conveying some of his more emphatic statements of points involved in his theory, may be of interest here.

After showing how man and all other vertebrate animals have been constructed on the same general model, and pass through the same early stages of development, he says, "Consequently we ought frankly to admit their community of descent: to take any other view is to admit that our own structure, and that of all the animals around us, is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment." A most extraordinary assumption, by the way, utterly unphilosophical and arbitrary.

"This conclusion is greatly strengthened, if we look to the members of the whole animal series, and consider the evidence derived from their affinities or classification, their geographical distribution,

and geological succession. It is only our natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demi-gods, which lead us to demur to this conclusion. But the time will before long come when it will be thought wonderful that naturalists, who were well acquainted with the comparative structure and development of man and other mammals, should have believed that each was the work of a separate act of creation."

It may be because of our obtuseness or prejudiced opinion, but we fail to see one particle of evidence for this conclusion. Admitting that the vertebrate type was the structure best adapted as an organism for all the creatures who exhibit it, why might it not be preserved and imitated with all the variations and adaptations to fit it for creatures under different conditions of life without the supposition—for it is no more—which Mr. Darwin connects with the phenomena? Articles fabricated by men, ships, wheel-carriages, tables, &c., are respectively constructed with reference to certain conditions which require that they all should have certain qualities in common,—particular variations being intelligently adapted to particular uses. A coasting-schooner and a frigate, a cart and a coach, a dining-table and a card-table, are respectively examples of structural similarity with specific adaptations. Intelligence in one exercise of it is shown in what is common to both structures, and in another exercise of it in the specific adaptation to a particular use. The first railroad passenger cars in England were made to resemble three old-fashioned stage coaches united together. The coach was thus the model of the car. But was it by "natural descent," or by intelligent adaptation of a previous convenient and approved arrangement?

The following is a frank admission:—

"In what manner the mental powers were first developed in the lowest organisms is as hopeless an inquiry as how life first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by men."

Mr. Darwin says, "To maintain, independently of any

direct evidence, that no animal during the course of ages has progressed in intellect or other mental faculties, is to beg the question of the evolution of species." Very true. But the question may be begged on one side as well as on the other.

"The brain of an ant is one of the most marvelous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more marvelous than the brain of man."

Something must be done towards supplying the deficiency so frankly admitted in the closing words of the following paragraph, before Mr. Darwin's theory will meet the test of the Baconian philosophy:—

"Even if it be granted that the difference between man and his nearest allies is as great in corporeal structure as some naturalists maintain, and although we must grant that the difference between them is immense in mental power, yet the facts given in the previous chapters declare, as it appears to me, in the plainest manner, that man is descended from some lower form, *notwithstanding that connecting links have not hitherto been discovered.*"

Again Mr. Darwin says,—

"The difference in mental power between an ant and a coccus is immense; yet no one has ever dreamed of placing them in distinct classes, much less in distinct kingdoms. No doubt this interval is bridged over by the intermediate mental powers of many other insects; and this is not the case with man and the higher apes. But we have every reason to believe that breaks in the series are simply the result of many forms having become extinct."

"If man had not been his own classifier he would never have thought of founding a separate order for his own reception."

"But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey."

"The great break in the organic chain between man and his nearest allies, which cannot be bridged over by any extinct or living species, has often been advanced as a grave objection to the belief that man is descended from some lower form; but this objec-

tion will not appear of much weight to those who, convinced by general reasons, believe in the general principles of evolution."

It strikes us that there is something Hudibrastic in that mode of meeting a grave objection.

Here is a description of which Mr. Barnum may avail himself for the pattern of a curiosity for his new museum of wonders:—

"The early progenitors of man were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles."

"The Simiadæ branched off into two great stems, the New-World and the Old-World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded. Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man; and this, in one sense, is strictly true, for he owes his birth to a long line of progenitors. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we willfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvelous structure and properties."

We think that many readers of these fascinating volumes will agree with us in avowing, that, while midway in the perusal of them, the complications, intricacies, and assumptions through which Mr. Darwin has to develop his theory, and the missing links and the gaps which make the demonstration of it so far, at least, an utter failure, turn the thoughts aside from the main object of the work, it engages the whole interest of the mind as a work on Natural History.

G. E. E.

THE UNITARIAN DENOMINATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE find it difficult to put ourselves into a sectarian or even a denominational attitude. We have sought to be more familiar with Christian ideas than with their denominational affiliations. We have been more interested in gaining a knowledge of the precepts of Christian truth and duty, and appealing in their behalf to the reason and the individual soul, than in the extended organizations and measures by which to disseminate them through the community. While gratefully using the liberty accorded to us to search after the truth as it is in Jesus, intimidated or restrained by no ecclesiastical authority or human creed, we have perhaps thought too little of the denominational action by which the liberty that we enjoy and the truths which have been such a blessing to our hearts may find an entrance and a hearing through all the land, and bring their glad tidings to thousands who are now shut out from them by the arbitrary creeds, the ecclesiastical assumptions, or the unbelief, which prevail around them.

We shrink from anything like a belligerent or proselyting attitude towards the other denominations. There are times when this may be a duty, when the disciple feels, as the Master did, eighteen centuries ago, that he has come not to send peace, but a sword. The ultimate aim of all Christian effort and activity is peace; but it is only through struggling and conflict that evil is to be overthrown, and the kingdom of heaven, whose end is harmony and peace, is to be established. A diviner truth, the harbinger of a diviner life, comes as a sword to wage a war of extermination against the errors and wrongs which rise in angry antagonism against it. It was thus that the doctrine of salvation by faith in the mouth of Luther not only came a gladsome proclamation of deliverance to weary souls, but sounded as a battle-cry to the authorities who then controlled the faith of Christendom. Wickliffe, in his generation, Hugh Latimer and his companions a century and a half later, the Puritans protesting

against a prelatical religion in which the offices of the soul to God were vicariously assumed by the priest, Milton in his trumpet-like appeals to church and state for a larger liberty, John Wesley in his protest against the deadness of the Church of England, and his apostolic labors by which hundreds of thousands were awakened to a higher life, George Fox, and Priestley, and Chalmers, Dr. Arnold, and Robertson, and Channing, and the foremost minds to-day in Europe and America, while they have been seeking broader and more inspiring truths or a more vital form of Christianity and a freer, wider, Christian communion, have always been regarded as declaring war against the existing order of things. It is impossible to propose doctrines or measures which are to work out important changes in the church or in society without exciting opposition and enmity. However peacefully inclined we may be, however earnestly we may shrink from assaulting the cherished convictions of others, in proportion as we dwell on what seem to us the great truths of our religion, and with the enthusiasm of our whole natures give ourselves to them heart and soul, and proclaim them abroad, must be the opposition which we excite. We love the truth. We cherish the Christian graces. We long for peace. But if we are faithful in searching for truth and carrying it forward in love beyond the conventional ideas of the day, we shall find before long that we have been engaged in no holiday work ; and well will it be for us if we can say, with Paul, "I have fought the good fight."

We must not be afraid of opposition, or the appearance of war, on the right hand or on the left. Every denomination that holds in special prominence some vital doctrine of faith or practice must stand, so far as that doctrine extends, on the aggressive towards other denominations. If we claim for ourselves a larger liberty than others allow in the interpretation of the Gospels, and in the exercise of that liberty arrive at views not generally accepted by Christians, we shall be looked upon as using a liberty, and as believing in doctrines, which are dangerous to the church. But the fact that we excite opposition is no reason why we should abstain from

carrying out our convictions, and doing what we can to impress them upon others. The work of proclaiming our views will be imperative upon us just in proportion to our conviction of their importance to the world.

Here is the source, at once, of our weakness and our strength. When Peter the Hermit went out to preach the Crusade as a duty in which the salvation of the world was involved, the very narrowness and exclusiveness of the doctrine gave point and power to his words. He who upholds the absolute and infallible authority of the Pope as the essential doctrine of Christendom has a similar advantage. He that believes in it is saved, he who does not believe is lost. With such an alternative of everlasting life or everlasting death, intolerance on the part of the preacher is a virtue. Even violence is justified when it is employed to drag a sinner away from the everlasting torments into which he is plunging. The more bigoted the doctrine, the greater the vehemence and the more uncompromising the denunciations with which it may be enforced.

Here, we have said, is our weakness, and our strength. If a good man does not accept our views of religion, we have no apprehension that, as the Athanasian creed says, "Without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." We believe, indeed, that the spirit of such a creed is conceived in iniquity, that such doctrines enforced by such denunciations rest with a deadly weight on the souls of thousands who recognize the authority by which they are imposed and yet cannot accept them. We believe that there are millions of men, who, if they have any religion at all, must have it in some other form than is recognized in this or any other similar creed. We know that they do not find what their souls are craving in the churches around them. They therefore stand apart from all Christian institutions. Their reason and their conscience alike are repelled by the doctrines which they hear in Christian churches. The Roman Catholic Church has no message that reaches them. The Episcopal Church is powerless to save them. No form of Calvinism, however modified, finds its way to the heart with them. Even Methodism, which for

nearly a century has been doing such a blessed work, especially among the ignorant and neglected, has not usually breadth of thought enough to instruct and edify them. Our larger liberty, our more direct appeals to the reason and conscience, our more liberal interpretation of the Scriptures, our freer sympathies with what is true and good without regard to sectarian limits, our comparative exemption from denomination restraints, and the jealousy with which we guard the rights of the individual soul in its search after truth and its relation to man and God, give us a sacred mission to such men. Among us or nowhere can they find a place within the Christian church. With us, they are not called upon to assent to doctrines which they cannot believe. With us, they may be taught to cultivate the Christian virtues and graces. Through us, they may be brought into sympathy with the spirit of Jesus, and from the human side of his character see with increasing love and reverence how much of the divine love and goodness may be revealed in him. Our methods of religious training, our views of presenting it, may prevail with them when all other religious systems fail to reach them.

Men and women of this stamp are found in all parts of the country. We have heard it asserted that there is hardly a town of ten thousand inhabitants in the United States where there might not be a flourishing Unitarian society if only the right sort of a minister could be found to devote his life to establishing it there. This is undoubtedly an exaggeration. But in all our new settlements, where enterprising, intelligent, and thoughtful men are brought together, large numbers among the most able and thoughtful connect themselves with no church organization. They are repelled by the doctrines and the measures which are advocated in the churches.

But they are human beings. They have characters to form and souls to save. They are not satisfied to throw away entirely the hopes of the gospel of Christ. They long for a better, a more cheering and inspiring dispensation than has ever yet been unfolded to them. A Unitarian Church, with an able, liberal, believing, and self-denying minister, in almost

any flourishing young community in the West, will draw in a large proportion of the best minds and the best people of the place. Unspeakable comfort and relief have thus been administered. Doubts have been removed, hopes awakened, a new interest in sacred things excited, principles of character established, fears dispelled, Christian precepts received into the heart, and souls renewed and born into a higher life.

Is it not our duty to occupy these fields of Christian enterprise, and strive to meet the wants of these hungering and thirsting souls? Not by way of antagonism to other denominations. They are able to meet the wants of large classes of men with whom we can have no influence. We wish them a hearty God-speed in their work. We would in nowise embarrass or interfere with them. But we also must do our work,—the work of evangelizing those who are open to our views, and whom no other denomination can really approach.

Single individuals, who have been educated in our churches and who find themselves in such communities as we have described, are drawn together by a common faith. They fall in with those who, educated in a different faith, begin to feel that the doctrines which they were taught in childhood do not stand the test of their maturer reason and are not favorable to the highest development of character. They are all business men,—lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. Their time and thoughts are too much occupied, and they have not the pecuniary means to establish churches of their own persuasion. They need encouragement and help. How shall their wants be met? Individual aid from other quarters is uncertain and fluctuating. There is no means of intelligence or method of intercourse between the parties who need and those who would supply the want.

It was to obviate this difficulty that the American Unitarian Association was founded. An office of correspondence was established by which information might be gained from all parts of the country. Funds were raised to aid feeble churches, to send out books and missionaries, and in various ways to bring what were regarded as the precious truths of our religion within the reach of those who are willing to

receive them. In order to create a stronger bond of personal union among the members of different congregations, and to stimulate one another to more earnest efforts for the advancement of God's kingdom, the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches was got up. The difficulties in the way of the practical working of both these bodies are the same. With so large a liberty and so wide a divergency of thought and belief as are allowed among us, it is difficult to sustain an organizing and centralizing force sufficiently strong to hold the different members of the body together, and enable them to co-operate zealously for a common object.

The articles of agreement are of the slightest possible kind. "Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ . . . we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ." These words from the Constitution of the National Conference bind it to a recognition of the Christian religion, and characterize it as a Christian association. But what the Christian religion is, what the gospel of Christ is in its analysis and exposition, is left an open question to every individual inquirer. Questions of textual criticism and interpretation, what is the true doctrine of inspiration and of divine authority in its application to the sacred writings, — these and all questions of a similar character are left open to the advancing intelligence, the improved scholarship, the higher spiritual attainments and Christian consciousness of the Christian world. We believe that with a grander intellectual and spiritual culture, and with every new advance in Christian scholarship, new light will be thrown upon the Gospels, and new truths will be revealed from them. As in God's other book, the world of nature, the characters before us are always the same, but our interpretation of them is changing with our better methods of scientific investigation and our more enlightened and improved faculties of observation, so in the Gospels the same characters are before us, but how different the truths which they reveal to the different men, and to the same men in different stages of intellectual and Christian development. As students of nature looking

into the laws and structure of the physical universe can never get beyond those laws, though each generation for a thousand years should make discoveries which render imperfect and obsolete the conclusions of their predecessors, so Christian thinkers and students looking into the words and life of Jesus in coming ages may find there deeper sources of spiritual thought and life, wider generalizations, principles of holy living which reach farther down into the depths of our being, precepts of faith which reach farther up into the mysteries of spiritual existence, and yet never exhaust the fountain from which they come. The glimpses of divine truth which dawn upon the loftiest minds now living may open into the perfect day centuries hence in the higher consciousness of men searching into these things with all their hearts, with faculties better trained, and methods better fitted for the investigation of religious subjects.

For these reasons we cannot consent to embody even the most mature and highest theological conclusions of to-day into authoritative creeds, and so limit the thought of to-morrow and of all future times. As the philosopher turns inquiringly towards nature, searches into her secrets, makes the facts which he learns to-day a step towards the knowledge of other facts to-morrow, and never allows his present attainments to be regarded as a finality or a bar to future progress, so in our study of the Gospels, by a higher life, a larger Christian experience, a more perfect discipline and culture of all our faculties, and in the increasing light of social and natural science, we expect to rise into higher conceptions and a truer appreciation of the mind and the life of Jesus. We would maintain a reverent attitude towards him. In our individual investigations we may arrive at conclusions which satisfy our own hearts, and are the source of spiritual strength and of unspeakable comfort to us. But a deepening experience and a profounder knowledge may require that these very conclusions should be modified to meet our more advanced wants by and by. We do not therefore allow our present religious sentiments to form themselves into a cast-iron mould around us so as to prevent future expansion. Still less would we by

an established creed make our own religious convictions the measure and the type and test of all men's convictions, and of all that is to be tolerated in the church of Christ. The Gospels remain unchanged. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." Those great words of eternal truth and life remain, but our interpretation of them must change to meet the demands of our improved spiritual perceptions and the growing intelligence of the world.

Reverence towards Christ, faith in him, are not in our view inconsistent with progress, but on the contrary are a condition by which we may advance towards the highest religious thought and the grandest religious convictions. There are men who do not accept this statement. There are men on one side who claim that this freedom, which allows nothing but the plainest fact to be fixed as an article of faith, does not admit of Christian convictions sufficiently definite for us to adhere to them with perfect confidence. And there are men on the other side who complain that this recognition of Christ as an authority in religious matters is not quite consistent with perfect freedom in the investigation of religious truth. These are the two extremes, — one class gravitating towards human creeds which imprison within their narrow limits the words, the life, and even the nature of Christ, unconsciously betraying him, with a kiss of love and reverence, to those who sit in judgment upon him and bind him; while the other class are impatiently breaking loose from the restraints of all authority in their religious studies, and gravitating towards the free religionists, who regard the august personality of Jesus as in itself an offense and a bar to the progress of religious inquiry.

We occupy a position between these two extremes. Most of us are Unitarians, i.e., we do not believe that Christ is God. But even this is no fixed article in our creed. We profess allegiance to him, we desire to be his followers. But we do not undertake to define his nature. We believe in him, and in the fundamental doctrines which he taught of love to God and love to man. We accept the Gospels, but

we accept no man's special interpretation of them, Unitarian or Trinitarian, as final and authoritative. Our only creed is the gospel of Christ, with perfect liberty for each church and each person to study and apply it. Our habit and our polity is to make religion as far as possible a personal matter between each man and his Maker. The discipline in our churches is the slightest possible. We would have in the church a religious home for the soul's dearest aspirations and affections, where it may grow in communion with Christ, in sympathy with his followers on earth and in heaven, opening towards God in worship and towards man in love and in all gracious and unselfish acts. No human creed or priesthood, however speciously it may disguise its human imperfections under the assumed sanctions of heaven, must be allowed to usurp the office and the authority which belong only to God.

Is there a place for a denomination resting on these principles? Is there, for such a denomination, a work large and vital enough to justify its existence? In the freedom which it brings to minds groaning under the old theology, in the renewed life and hope and comfort which it offers them, in the rational views of Christianity by which it would draw unbelievers, especially the more enlightened and thoughtful among them, into sympathy with Christ, in the more Catholic sentiments, the finer lessons of humanity which it would teach, the more liberal habits of thought and life which it would set forth in word and act, it fills a place that is occupied by no one of the old denominations. There are men in almost all denominations who are pioneers of a freer thought, a more reasonable faith, a more humane and generous interpretation of the mind of Jesus. They are working in the same cause with us. They are not Unitarians, but they are liberal Christians. They do not give up the old faith, but they demand the new liberty. The foremost thinkers of the age belong to this higher fellowship. Their words are hailed as harbingers of a better era. They live in widely different spheres. The communions to which they belong are called by different names. But, like the highest mountains hundreds of miles apart, they overlook intervening valleys, and

recognize one another from afar. When we think of them, when we see how they lift up their voices in unison and demand greater liberty of growth and thought, and how their rivals all conspire to the same end, we feel that they are all acting together and acting with us.

Then why not leave the work to them? Why attempt by any denominational organization to exercise an influence which in its very nature transcends the limits of all denominations? If we become a sectarian body and claim them as belonging to us, we only weaken their power, and put them in a false position among their ecclesiastical brethren.

In the first place, we reply, though they personally demand a larger liberty, and give utterance to more generous and liberal sentiments, and are strong enough to hold their place where they are, and to speak with authority to all Christians, still the denominations to which they belong do not relax the severity of their creeds, and do not offer to those who accept our views the cordial welcome and the freedom which are essential to them.

In the next place, though a denial of the Trinity may furnish little nutriment for the support of a sect, still Christian liberty in the sense in which we regard it, the responsibility of every soul to God and to him alone for its faith, and the Christian views of God and man in their relation to one another which come from the free exercise of our minds in the investigation of religious truth, are grounds broad enough and promising enough for a most conscientious and influential body of Christians to stand upon. Not as Unitarians, precious as our Unitarian belief may be to some among us, but as liberal Christians, unfettered by human limitations or restraints, seeking the truth as it is in Jesus, free to advance wherever our conscientious inquiries may lead us, we have a great and providential work to do. As far as we are true to our mission of allegiance to Christ, and of bondage to no human authority, allying ourselves with perfect freedom of thought to the most advanced ideas in science, in philanthropy, and religion, originating or seconding and forwarding more liberal educational ideas and measures, we, though

small in numbers, may act as pioneers in the onward march of society, our ameliorating influence may be felt in all the churches, schools of learning, institutions of benevolence, and in almost every department of government. The best thought of the most able and liberal minds of other denominations will find, as in fact they do find, among us the heartiest acceptance and the fullest practical illustration of their views. We are free to carry into practice what they are only allowed to utter as general truths, or as prophecies of what they hope and long for at some future day. Instead of standing in their way and creating a prejudice against them, we shall be the most effectual agents in applying and carrying out what they can only suggest. The danger is that we may suffer ourselves to be narrowed down to a sect, and, acting as almoners of a few great men now dead, in dispensing their views of the trinity and the atonement, may dry up from want of sympathy with the living word of divine truth, which is always seeking to utter itself in the highest religious thought of the age, and to infuse its life-giving spirit into the heart of the church. If we are open to this, and always seeking for a grander and better ideal of Christian living, and a new inspiration from the source of divine truth, we have before us a mission of unspeakable importance.

We shall demand and gain a truer liberty in the investigation and expression of Christian truth.

We shall approve ourselves so faithful to the grandest teachings of our religion, and shall enter with so warm a sympathy into every wise movement for the dissemination of liberal and humane ideas, come from what quarter they may, that we shall, in this way, exercise an influence altogether disproportionate to our numbers. Especially shall we be influential in causing a freer and finer sentiment to make itself felt in the legislation, the humane enterprises, and the institutions of learning, throughout the land. Sectarian jealousies will be shamed out of good society. Enlightened men will be less ready to support academies and colleges founded to propagate sectarian notions, in which Greek is to be intoned with an Episcopal accent, and Algebra taught in Presbyte-

rian or Congregational formulas, and Latin instilled into youthful minds with the unction of a Roman Catholic priesthood, and English grammar and the physical sciences be learned under the sanction of the Baptist denomination, and instruction in æsthetics poured into the souls of carefully trained and well-bred youths with Unitarian simplicity and propriety of expression. The popular mind already is estimating such schools at their proper value. Our young people crowd into the institutions where the best education is to be had. They want knowledge. They believe that true learning is best taught where it is left to itself, and has no sectarian flavor. A Methodist arithmetic, or a Universalist treatise on astronomy, leaving out the planets, which might be suggestive of too hot a temperature, need only be alluded to to show its inherent absurdity. Our young men and women, when they go in quest of a liberal education, do not care to confine themselves in their social intercourse to the sectarian vestry-meeting or sewing-circle in connection with which they happen to have been born or bred. They are impelled towards a wider sphere. Like Chaucer's party at the Tabard Inn, made up from all classes of society, when the influences of spring began to be felt in their hearts and to awaken longings to get out of their separate avocations and to "gon on pilgrimage," so in the spring-time of their lives they long to get away from their accustomed restraints into a larger companionship, and to breathe a freer air.

Thus it is that our most prosperous colleges are those which are most free from sectarian narrowness. Harvard and Yale, Cornell and Michigan, are the universities which are most frequented, and which are exercising the most powerful influence on the mind and thought of the land. The colleges which once bore a sectarian mark, and which had hoped to recommend their goods by stamping them as genuine Orthodox, Episcopalian, or Roman Catholic articles, would lose all their prestige and become unsavory, because of their provincial peculiarities, were it not that they, too, are moved by the liberalizing spirit of the age, and obliged to accommodate themselves at least in some measure to its demands.

In the meantime new institutions are rising, and a vast field of future influence is opening to us, if only we will give a generous support to colleges wholly unsectarian, such as Antioch College in Ohio, Washington University in Missouri, and the yet infant Humboldt College in Iowa. It requires time, and thought, and prayerful activity, and a great amount of money, to establish and endow a university. If these three colleges, which are seven or eight hundred miles apart, can only be provided for as new wants may be developed in their useful progress, they will have a liberalizing influence which cannot be measured on those who are to be guides and leaders in the civilization which is to extend through the heart and centre of this nation. Here is a work which must be done to a very considerable extent by members of the Unitarian body.

A great proportion of the leading minds of the age are, secretly or openly, casting off the old restraints of Orthodoxy. They have outgrown the old statements, and demand more liberal formulas of faith. A strong movement towards infidelity is felt everywhere, and must lead to very sad results unless it is stayed by more reasonable and satisfying views of Christianity. The movement is going on, sometimes secretly, and sometimes openly, in all Christian bodies, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant. The ablest thinkers in the world ought to be the men to mould anew the faith of the age, to adapt it to the altered condition of things, and reorganize our religious and social institutions in accordance with a new and better spirit. But scientific pursuits are very exciting and absorbing. They lay their heavy demands on these men, and hardly leave them time or inclination to look beyond material nature into the grander realm of spiritual laws and forces. Even our freer schools of theology attract but few of the ablest young men who graduate from our colleges. There never was a nobler field than is now open among us for Christian ministers of the largest intellectual powers and attainments, if only these great gifts are consecrated and vitalized by a warm and earnest faith. The unbelieving world, i.e., those who have no settled and satisfying

religious convictions, long for some form of Christian faith that will approve itself to their reason and their hearts. Such a faith we believe that we have, and if only it could be brought home to them in simplicity and power, there are hundreds of thousands, now sitting in darkness, who would gladly welcome its light. Where are the preachers to be found — men equal to these things?

We want men who, in secret thought and prayer, have set themselves apart as ministers of Christ, and who are ready to spend and be spent in his service. We want men, not only of a devout and consecrated purpose, but of mind and education, men able to grapple with the great religious and philosophical questions of the day in a spirit of fairness and candor, and to lead through the sea and wilderness of darkness and doubt into the land of truth and faith. Not a little sip of knowledge from a Unitarian or Presbyterian cup, not a little superficial survey of modern science through radical eye-glasses, a little and perhaps contemptuous glance at the English version of the Bible, an eager gallop through a few favorite books of pretentious philosophy and portentous rhetoric, with an amount of conceit equaled only by the boundless ignorance that lies behind it, — not these things, not the extempore ministers formed by them, coming to-day and vanishing to-morrow, are what we need; but men of solemn purposes and high and steadfast aims, men of laborious habits of study, who understand something of the most recent methods and results of scientific and philosophical investigation, whose minds are open to spiritual things, and who in their own thought and experience know something of what is meant by the Christian consciousness and the deep things of the spirit of God. Such men will have a hearing. They must, indeed, be gifted with the faculty of utterance. But a man of this character, wherever he may plant himself, will grow up into a power. His thought tells even with those who may not fully understand him. His life is a sermon of sweet and persuasive eloquence. He may seem at times to be neglected, or to be overborne in the sweep and rush of business.

But when the whirlwind and tempest have subsided, the still, small voice of his gentle and weighty spirit is heard.

But it is time that this article should come to an end. We know that it is very fragmentary, that is made up mostly of hints and suggestions, that no branch of it is carried out into all its legitimate results. We speak as to wise men, and expect them to do the thinking in regard to specific subjects and their details. The review we have been taking of the ground on which we stand, of the religious wants of the age, and the opportunities opening before us, of the principles we hold and their adaptation to the times, has impressed us profoundly with a sense of our obligation to do more than we ever yet have done in the work of Christian instruction. We must educate this people. The senses are carefully trained. The elements of science are taught. Business men have all their business faculties sharpened. When and where are the spiritual perceptions, the faculties of the soul to be called out and educated? That is to be the work of the different religious bodies. Are we doing our part? Our assumed position as pioneers in the onward movement of the church towards a larger liberty, and a more rational and life-giving faith, imposes upon us the necessity of a more thorough and liberal intellectual training. There was a time when a large proportion of the ablest thinkers and writers in this country belonged to our small community. And so we believe they would to-day, if only the best minds among us could be induced to give themselves to the work of searching into the great truths of our religion under the light of the highest philosophy, and bringing them out in their adaptation to the intellectual, moral, social, and spiritual wants of the age. We honor the men who have been doing so grand a work as we have seen going on around us during the last forty years. Men of truer and braver hearts, or of more pure and faithful lives, have seldom blessed the earth. Who is to continue what they have begun? Where is the prophet who is to hold towards the young men of this generation the place which Channing held towards the young men fifty or thirty years ago?

These are, perhaps, vain and foolish questions. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. We shall not say, Lo, here, or Lo, there, for it is in the midst of us. Let us bind ourselves to its spirit, and it will bear us onward. As the stars through the heavens, so we, unconsciously, shall be borne along by the infinite providence of God. His work will be done, by us if we are willing and able, by others if we are found unwilling or incompetent. Opportunities, privileges, necessities are offering themselves, pressing upon us. Enough, however, of this. With us, through us, or without us,—to Him, it matters not, though to us it is of vast concern,—His kingdom will come and His will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I THINK of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea ;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred ;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill ;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee wherever thou art roaming,
And thou art near ;
The sun goes down and soon the stars are coming—
Would thou wert here !

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

UNDER this head we have but few things of religious interest to record. From the obituary records of the month, including that most faithful Christian minister, Rev. John M. Merrick, and Rev. Joseph Angier, whose personal gifts and graces had endeared him to many friends, we select the names of two men who had been intimately associated in life, and who were both men of mark beyond their particular sphere of professional labor. We allude to Rev. William G. Scandlin and Rev. Edward T. Taylor.

REV. WILLIAM G. SCANDLIN.

We take our account of Mr. Scandlin from three very interesting articles which we find in "The Christian Register,"—namely, an editorial notice written by Rev. Mr. Mumford, and addresses at his funeral by Rev. R. R. Shippen and Gen. Devens.

Born February, 1828, in Portsmouth, England, his father and uncle being seafaring men, he was taken to sea as cabin boy at the early age of seven years and a half, and spent the next fourteen years in the service of the commercial marine and the British and American navy. Off the coast of California, one night in his youth, resolving to escape from the cruel tyranny of a hard captain, when the darkness favored, taking in hand his worldly substance, he boldly plunged into the sea, and struck out for shore. Becoming exhausted, and expecting to be drowned, he recalled the chief experiences of his life with deep penitence for everything that was wrong, and an earnest consecration of his heart to God's service if he should be spared. A sweet assurance of forgiveness and a new sense of peace were granted to him, and when he reached the land he had higher hopes and aims than he had ever known before. We can never forget with what pathos he sometimes alluded to the months and years of his earliest acquaintance with God.

"When about twenty-one," says Mr. Shippen, "he came to Boston, and finding his way into Father Taylor's Bethel, he was soon selected as the fitting colleague and probable successor of the famous sailor preacher; and, assisted by the generosity of Hon. Albert Fearing and other friends, was sent to Meadville for theological outfit. After three years' study, with one year's interval for rest and revisiting his home and friends in England, he graduated in 1854; for a little while he served with Father Taylor; then, finding that he had gradually become a Unitarian in theology, and preferring an independent charge, he served for three years as Minister-at-Large in Hanover-Street Chapel, Boston, after which he came to Grafton, June, 1858. For nearly thirteen years, these last, best years of his life, he has been your minister. For the first two years of the war you spared him from your midst as Chaplain of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, whose commander is with us to-day, and will more fitly speak of his service there."

"In the camp and hospital," says Mr. Mumford, "he won the hearts of his men, who could not help respecting religion when it was represented by one so brave, genial, and kind. With impartial fidelity he checked profanity among officers as well as in the ranks. A Western brigadier dining with their mess, the other officers glanced at Scandlin when the stranger began to swear. With gentle and courteous firmness the chaplain then said, 'General, I don't know how it is in your camp, but here we think it is best to skip such hard words,' and the hint was received as kindly as it was given."

"At the time of the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff, Mr. Scandlin was active in carrying the wounded from the field and rowing them across the river. When some stragglers threatened to appropriate his boat to their own needs, he made a weapon of his oar, and said, 'This boat is sacred to the wounded, and you cannot have it so long as I am a living man!' Awed by the majesty of his bearing, they went away and left him to go on with his work of mercy."

The following extracts from Gen. Devens' funeral address will show how he was regarded in the army, and we preface them with the single remark that the confidence and respect which he gained there he gained in every walk of life:—

"A self-educated man, but well-educated, he was at home among the most polished and refined; highly sympathetic in his character, he placed himself readily in communication with every class of

men, and every circle felt how true and faithful a Christian man he was. His pleasant affability never caused others to degenerate into coarseness or vulgar familiarity in his presence inconsistent with his sacred calling. He had the art (which all men do not possess) of being easy and affable without losing that proper personal dignity which should mark every man. He is a gentleman who respects himself and yet equally others and the rights of others; and such a gentleman was the chaplain. Thus it was in all society that his presence was a rebuke to coarseness, ill manners, and profanity; and as I have known the men of our regiment to express to him their regret for it when it had occurred, so also I have known a general officer, who, in the excitement of a night skirmish, had been betrayed into using profane language before him, come the next day to make a personal apology.

“The great secret of his success was the thorough earnestness and self-devotion which he always exhibited. For his comrades it always seemed that he could never do enough to satisfy himself, although he always did far more than satisfied the just claims of others. He was the friend of every man who was in trouble, ready always to act as mediator between any man who was in difficulty with his captain, giving always the best and soundest advice, and yet not the less sustaining the discipline of the military system, the stern exigencies of which he fully realized. No one ever expected to be sustained by him unless on his own part he meant to do his own full duty. Into the hospitals, by the bedside of the sick and dying, he came in unwearied zeal with his consoling hand and more consoling voice, and men loved him as they love a father and friend,—a father who was not afraid to tell them when they went wrong and did wrong, and yet who loved them still. In those trying hours which came to so many when he was near, when strength was failing and earth was fading away, the last tones that fell upon their ears were the consolations and hopes which his manly, trustful piety inspired.

“In his public discourses before the regiment, not less than in his private teachings, the chaplain was singularly happy. It would, perhaps, have been a natural course, as it certainly would have been a judicious one, for any one situated as he was with a regiment of which a considerable number were Roman Catholics, and a still more considerable number were Protestants of a different denomination from his own, to select rather those great vital truths on which all Christian sects are agreed, than those upon which they

differ ; but the constitution of his mind made this much easier to him than it would have been to many. From the first every man in the regiment knew that, however much the chaplain might seek to induce him to lead a better life, he would never seek to interfere with any of his individual views or tenets. I have known him to ride a half-dozen miles to obtain a Roman-Catholic priest, when the men of that faith under his charge felt that they could be comforted by the last offices of religion administered by a priest of their own church.

"He had struggled in the raging waves of a stormy sea, he had tenderly watched and cared for his companions on the fever-stricken ship, and it was God that had protected him ; he had faced the bullets of the rebel foe on the days of battle while he ministered to the wounded and dying ; he had encountered the tortures of the Southern prison-house, and God had shielded him ; and so he looked death calmly in the face, with the feeling that, whether in life or in death, we are the Lord's ; fully sensible of every enjoyment of this life, yet fully believing that death is but the gateway through which we may enter on one purer and more exalted."

FATHER TAYLOR.

It is nearly forty years since we first heard Father Taylor, then in the prime of his manly strength, preach a dedication sermon and deliver a temperance lecture. His speaking was unlike anything that we had ever heard before or that we have ever heard since except from him. There were the most extravagant of Eastern hyperboles, and at the same time the shrewdest intellectual insight. From laughter to tears, from a huge piling up of words without apparent meaning to a descent into the secret places of the heart, the transition was as swift as lightning. No one could tell what was coming next. Thought, emotion, imagery the most grotesque or the most affecting, were flashing from his countenance as much as from his words. His heart was in his work. His soul, with its magnificent endowment of genius, heated and illuminated by the flames of inward devotion, communicated with every other soul and held it under its spell.

His imagination was almost Shakespearean in its grandeur and its tenderness. Many were the striking sayings of his

which have been treasured up, but the manner of saying them was even more remarkable than what he said. It is said that till he was twenty-five he had not learned to read. But there was in him a world of mother-wit, a greatness of soul, a quickness and largeness of comprehension, a warmth and breadth of emotion, which made him a man of commanding influence. He was a Methodist all his days. But like the young eagles whose wings have grown broader than their nests, he soared beyond all denominational limits, and belonged not so much to any one branch as to the whole church of Christ. His presence was an inspiration. His religious instincts took into men's hearts with the message which they needed most.

Mrs. Jameson, in a book published nearly twenty years ago, gives some very interesting reminiscences of him.

"One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then, after a pause, striking his stick on the ground and looking upwards, he added, 'There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing when all the doves are flying aloft!'

"On one occasion when I attended his chapel the sermon was preceded by a long prayer in behalf of an afflicted family, one of whose members had died or been lost in a whaling expedition to the South Seas. In the midst of much that was exquisitely pathetic and poetical, refined ears were startled by such a sentence as this: 'Grant, O Lord! that this rod of chastisement be sanctified, every twig of it, to the edification of their souls!'

"Then immediately afterwards he prayed that the divine Comforter might be near the bereaved father 'when his aged heart went forth from his bosom to flutter round the far southern grave of his boy.' Praying for others of the same family who were on the wide ocean, he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, 'Oh, save them! Oh, guard them! thou angel of the deep!'

"On another occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, he exclaimed, 'Go heat your oven with snowballs! What! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle in your pocket? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim!'

"He was preaching against violence and cruelty: 'Don't talk to

me,' said he, 'of the savages! a ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven!'

"In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit and down the centre aisle were filled by sailors. We ladies and gentlemen and strangers, whom curiosity had brought to hear him, were ranged on each side; he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he was denouncing hypocrisy, luxury, and vanity, and other vices of more civilized life, he said, emphatically, 'I don't mean *you* before me here,' looking at the sailors; 'I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort; for you profess less, not more, than you practice: but I mean to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!' stretching out both hands with the forefinger extended, and looking at us on either side till we fairly quailed."

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

Among the most important movements now making in the direction of moral, social, and sanitary reforms is the action of the State Board of Health. We have been very much impressed with this fact as we have read their second annual report, a volume of more than four hundred pages, crowded with wise and useful suggestions. We wish that it could find its way into every intelligent home. The Board of Health has been singularly fortunate in having for its secretary a man so able, so wise, and so intelligent, with so wide an experience in his acquaintance with disease, and so willing to give time and thought and labor to the cause. Dr. George Derby was first known to the public as a faithful and accomplished surgeon in the army, and more recently he has been favorably known as the author of a valuable pamphlet on anthracite coal and the dangers to health which result from its use. In the Board of Health he is sustained and assisted by the intrepid and indefatigable philanthropist and physician, H. J. Bowditch, by R. T. Davis, of Fall River, P. E. Aldrich, of Worcester, W. C. Chapin, of Lawrence, Warren Sawyer, of Boston, and Richard Frothingham, of Charlestown.

Among the many interesting articles in the second report, from which we should be glad to make large extracts, is one

which ought to be carefully read on poisoning by lead-pipe used for the conveyance of drinking water. The article on causes of typhoid fever has suggestions, which, if adopted, would save many valuable lives every year. We quote one passage only:—

“The single continuous thread of probability which we have been able to follow in this inquiry leads uniformly to the decomposition of organized (and chiefly vegetable) substances as the cause of typhoid fever as it occurs in Massachusetts. Whether the vehicle be drinking water made foul by human excrement, sink drains, or soiled clothing; or air made foul in enclosed places by drains, decaying vegetables or fish, or old timber, or in open places by pigsties, drained ponds or reservoirs, stagnant water, accumulations of filth of every sort, the one thing present in all these circumstances is decomposition.”

The disease is one that prevails more in small than in large towns, and can be guarded against only by a careful attention to what is indicated in the above sentences.

Dr. Bowditch's letter on homes for the poor, convalescent homes, and the sewage question, is full of interesting and most valuable suggestions. The general use of earth-closets, which he recommends, would cause an immense saving of health and of fertilizing aliment for the soil.

We congratulate the State on having so wise and efficient a body as the Board of Health, and trust that their words will be regarded by the Legislature and private individuals. We are assured that the most alarming facts disclosed in Brighton, where beef poisoned by disease was prepared for the market, and resulted in the death of the man who cut it up, would never have been possible if the legal provisions suggested by the Board, and now likely to become a law, had been made by the Legislature a year ago.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

We have received a very interesting letter from Prof. Dominik Simen, of Clausenburg, Transylvania, in which he speaks of the strong desire there felt to know something of the liberal religious movements which are taking place in this country. He adds:—

"It will perhaps interest you to know something of our religious life here in Hungary. After a long controversy that I had with a Trinitarian minister, and the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope, people began here to feel more and more the necessity of some religious reform. A Lutheran minister gave the voice of this necessity felt. Calvinistic and Unitarian professors lifted up their voice in this matter, on the pages of a Protestant paper, to encourage the people, and to help the carrying out of this movement. The result of this lifting up our voice has been that a religious reform is already begun here. The friends of this movement have established a periodical called 'Religious Reform,' the object of which is to prepare the way of the Protestant Union that is to be established, like the German Protestanten-Verein, but on a Unitarian basis. The only difference between this reform and Unitarianism is, that the Unitarian liberal Christian views are told not by Unitarians, but by Trinitarians.

"There may be a time when the people will accept the Unitarian name as the only name that is not taken up after any individual, but only expresses the principles that bind some people together,—and then unite themselves to a denomination which has an ancient history."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Among the pamphlets which have come to us during the past month is one containing an excellent address by Hon. Thomas Russell at the dedication of the Hingham Public Library. The services must have been of an exceedingly interesting character, the most interesting fact of all being the free gift to the town of a convenient and substantial building, with a fund of five thousand dollars, the whole gift amounting to twenty thousand dollars. This munificent donation is in keeping with the character and life of the donor, and is only one of the many beneficent acts which he has done for the good of his fellow-men. The public libraries which our towns are beginning to establish are of great value, and will exercise an important influence on the rising generations. There is seldom any way in which a prosperous citizen can to better purpose identify himself with the whole future history of his native or adopted town than by following the example of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer in Lancaster and Mr. Albert Fearing in Hingham.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

HORACE GREELEY'S VIEW OF CHRIST.

CHRIST, in Mr. Greeley's view, is more than a man and less than God. Whereupon it is easy to see what the humanitarians will say in answer: "You make him anomalous, unnatural, remove him from our sympathies," and so forth. What if we should find after all, in the course of our progress in knowledge of divine things, that the more human Christ is, the more divine he is; that the very reason why he is more than any man ever was is that he was more human than any man or even more than our whole collective humanity? What if we should find that God himself is human, and that the more human we become the more like God we are? Mr. Mansel's flagrant heresy consisted in making God so unlike man in all his attributes that God in his intrinsic nature could not even be revealed to us. The humanitarians fall into much the same error, we think, when they say that Christ was a mere man, and, therefore, not divine. If he was more completely human than we are, or even than the whole race has yet shown itself to be, then through him God is yielded to our apprehension and our most human sympathies as through no other means, because God himself is divinely, that is infinitely, human.

JOHN STUART MILL'S ARGUMENT FOR THE HUMANITY OF GOD.

We do not know of anything in the whole range of metaphysical discussion more masterly than John Stuart Mill's refutation of Mr. Mansel. It is well worth studying by that class of Rationalists who are afraid that Christ, by being divine, will be taken from them. It is, in fact, an argument for the humanity of God, and shows that if God is not human to us he is nothing to us; or, rather worse than nothing, an arbitrary and tyrannical force.

Having shown that God is unknowable *in himself*, that is, noumenally, just as man and nature are unknowable in themselves, and therefore that God is only known by us as his attributes are phenomenally manifested to us, Mr. Mill proceeds:—

"There is but one way for Mr. Mansel out of this difficulty, and he adopts it. He must maintain, not merely that an Absolute Being is unknowable in himself, but that the Relative attributes of an Absolute Being are unknowable likewise. He must say that we do not know what Wisdom, Justice, Benevolence, Mercy are, as they exist in God. Accordingly he does say so. The following are his direct utterances on the subject; as an implied doctrine, it pervades his whole argument.

"It is a fact* which experience forces upon us, and which it is useless, were it possible, to disguise, that the representation of God after the model of the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving is not sufficient to account for all the phenomena exhibited by the course of his natural Providence. The infliction of physical suffering, the permission of moral evil, the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent, the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world,—these are facts which, no doubt, are reconcilable, we know not how, with the Infinite Goodness of God, but which certainly are not to be explained on the supposition that its sole and sufficient type is to be found in the finite goodness of man.' In other words, it is necessary to suppose that the infinite goodness ascribed to God is not the goodness which we know and love in our fellow-creatures, distinguished only as infinite in degree, but different in kind, and another quality altogether. When we call the one finite goodness, we do not mean what the words assert, but something else; we intentionally apply the same name to things which we regard as different.

"Accordingly Mr. Mansel combats, as a heresy of his opponents, the opinion that infinite goodness differs only in degree from finite goodness. The notion† 'that the attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind, and hence that certain mental and moral qualities, of which we are immediately conscious in ourselves, furnish at the same time a true and adequate image of the infinite perfections of God' (the word 'adequate' must have slipped in by inadvertence, since otherwise it would be an inexcusable misrepresentation), he identifies with 'the vulgar Rationalism which regards the reason of man, in its ordinary and normal operation, as the supreme criterion of religious truth.' And in characterizing the mode of arguing of this vulgar Rationalism, he declares its principles to be, that‡ 'All the excellences of which we are conscious in the creature must necessarily exist in the same manner, though in a higher degree, in the Creator. God is, indeed, more wise, more just, more merciful than man; but for that very reason his wisdom and justice and mercy must contain nothing that is incompatible with the

* Limits of Religious Thought, Preface to the fourth edition, p. 13.

† Ibid, p. 26.

‡ Ibid, p. 28.

corresponding attributes in their human character.' It is against this doctrine that Mr. Mansel feels called on to make an emphatic protest.

"Here, then, I take my stand on the acknowledged principle of logic and of morality, that when we mean different things we have no right to call them by the same name, and to apply to them the same predicates, moral and intellectual. Language has no meaning for the words Just, Merciful, Benevolent, save that in which we predicate them of our fellow-creatures; and unless that is what we intend to express by them, we have no business to employ the words. If, in affirming them of God we do not mean to affirm these very qualities, differing only as greater in degree, we are neither philosophically nor morally entitled to affirm them at all. If it be said that the qualities are the same, but we cannot conceive them as they are when raised to the infinite, I grant that we cannot adequately conceive them in one of their elements, their infinity. But we can conceive them in their other elements, which are the very same in the infinite as in the finite development. Anything carried to the infinite must have all the properties of the same thing as finite, except those which depend upon the finiteness. Among the many who have said that we cannot conceive infinite space, did any one ever suppose that it is *not* space? that it does not possess all the properties by which space is characterized? Infinite space cannot be cubical or spherical, because these are modes of being bounded: but does any one imagine that in ranging through it we might arrive at some region which was not extended; of which one part was not outside another; where, though no Body intervened, motion was impossible; or where the sum of two sides of a triangle was less than the third? The parallel assertion may be made respecting infinite goodness. What belongs to it as Infinite (or more properly as Absolute) I do not pretend to know; but I know that infinite goodness must be goodness, and that what is not consistent with goodness is not consistent with infinite goodness. If, in ascribing goodness to God, I do not mean what I mean by goodness in man; if I do not mean the goodness of which I have some knowledge, but an incomprehensible attribute of an incomprehensible substance, which for aught I know may be a totally different quality from that which I love and venerate,—and even must, if Mr. Mansel is to be believed, be in some important particulars opposed to this,—what do I mean by calling it goodness? and what reason have I for venerating it? If I know nothing about what the attribute is, I cannot tell that it is a proper object of veneration. To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change in the phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. Besides, suppose that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion, the eternal evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind, as effectually to convince me that it comes

from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what grounds of assurance have I of God's veracity? All trust in a Revelation presupposes a conviction that God's attributes are the same, in all but degree, with the best human attributes.

"If, instead of the 'glad tidings' that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them, convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do, — he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go."

A CHOICE HYMN.

"THE dying hymn" of Alice Carey has her sweetest and purest inspiration. A good hymn which will live long in the future is an invaluable addition to the literature of the world. Miss Carey was a believer in the impartial and triumphant mercy of God, and there is a jubilant tone in her last lyric. This we call her "sweetest poem," not the sentimental piece cited as such by Edgar A. Poe:—

"Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Ye gates of death, give way!

"My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

"The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

"That faith to me a courage gives
 Low as the grave to go;
 I know that my Redeemer lives —
 That I shall live I know.

"The palace walls I almost see
 Where dwells my Lord and King.
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?"

MURDER MOST FOUL.

"The Watchman and Reflector" raises an indignant cry against *ante-natal murder*, which, from evidence partly of confession and partly of a general nature, the writer believes to be alarmingly prevalent. If so, it is a secret and subtle source of degeneracy, individual, social, and national, and more than any wars, rebellions, or invasions from without, threatens fearfully the life of a people. It is worse than the Spartan practice of murdering the sickly children, that only the healthy ones might be raised and become the heroes of the state.

HEN-CULTURE.

Hens are delightful to look at, and more so the cocks and cockerels. There is a vast deal of human nature in them when they strut about and show their feathers and try to crow each other down. There are two ways of making them profitable. Raise your own vegetables away off in the field and let your hens run at large. They will live principally in your neighbors' gardens, picking up worms and insects, scratching up the hills, eating the green corn, tomatoes, and other things. It will give your neighbor an excellent opportunity to cultivate, not only his garden, but his mind also, especially the Christian virtues of patience, forbearance, long-suffering, gentleness, and the rest, — plants which do not grow in everybody's moral garden. Hens will be sure to give your neighbor the occasion, and if he is sour and crusty he certainly needs it. So you will accomodate yourself and him. There is another way, however, and which in my opinion is preferable, though I have abundant authority, practically speaking, for the course just described. The other way is this:—

Keep no male birds. This is the first condition. True, the male birds are good to look at and strut about, but, like some other male

bipeds, they are only an adornment—we mean so far as eggs are concerned, saying nothing here about chickens. Then give the hens a large yard to range in, and plenty of meat in the winter, a warm place, *fresh bones pulverized or pounded in pieces and plenty of rowen cut fine as a substitute for fresh grass.* Then again, don't leave any nest-eggs in the nest. A writer of much experience says that hens will lay perpetually if treated in this way. He says, "My hens lay all winter, and from seventy to a hundred eggs in succession; and if the above plan were generally followed eggs would be just as plentiful in winter as in summer." On this plan the hens will not try very often to set, as it must occur to them that they can't hatch anything if they do.

BEAUTIFUL SCRIPTURE COMMENTARY.

We do not know of any commentary on a passage of Scripture, more beautiful and at the same time clear and with its practical application, than the following, on the text, "A bruised reed he will not break and the smoking flax he will not quench." We found it sometime ago, credited to the "Family Treasury:"—

"THE SMOKING FLAX AND BRUISED REED.

"When evening choirs the praises hymned
 In Zion's courts of old,
 The High Priest walked his round, and trimmed
 The shining lamp of gold;
 And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
 With fresh oil vainly drenched,
 He cleansed it from its socket, so
 The smoking flax was quenched.

"But Thou, who walkest, Priest Most High!
 Thy golden lamps among,
 What things are weak, and near to die,
 Thou makest fresh and strong;
 Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
 That else would soon expire,
 And swift it shoots up through the dark,
 A brilliant spear of fire.

"The shepherd that to stream and shade
 Withdrew his flock at noon,
 On reedy stop soft music made,
 In many pastoral tune;

And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
 It could not more be used, —
 Its mellow music marred and hushed,
 He brake it, when so bruised.

“ But Thou, good Shepherd, who dost feed
 Thy flock in pastures green,
 Thou dost not break the bruised reed
 That sorely crushed hath been ;
 The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
 Or yields but notes of woe,
 Thou dost retune to harmonies
 More rich than angels know !

“ Lord, once my love was all a-blaze,
 But now it burns so dim !
 My life was praise, but now my days
 Make a poor, broken hymn ;
 Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
 But helped in deepest need —
 The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
 Nor break'st the bruised reed.

THE QUESTION.

It is not merely whether we are to have Dominica. A whole string of questions comes afterward, — about Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico — the whole Antilles, lesser and greater, down to Trinidad. That the whole West Indies are to gravitate finally to the United States we hold to be morally certain, and the question is one of time.

AN INFANT'S DREAM.

AN infant's soul — the sweetest thing of earth,
 To which endowments beautiful are given,
 As might befit a more than mortal birth,
 What shall it be, when, 'midst its winning mirth,
 And love, and trustfulness, 'tis borne to heaven ?
 Will it grow into might above the skies ?
 A spirit of high wisdom, glory, power —
 A cherub guard of the Eternal Tower,
 With knowledge filled of its vast mysteries ?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF JOHN ADAMS. Begun by John Quincy Adams.
Completed by Charles Francis Adams. Revised and corrected.
Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These two handsomely printed volumes reproduce, with a very few changes, the contents of the first of the ten octavo volumes in which were published in 1856 one of our great national literary treasures,—The Life and Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States. This new edition of the biography was very much needed for popular use, and will be most gladly availed of by the constantly extending circle of readers who have learned to value a kind of literature of which it is an admirable specimen. A modestly written preface by the grandson of the subject of the biography gives the reader such information as will explain to him the share which the respective contributors have made to the pages. That preface also contains a very significant allusion to the late ambassador's experience at the British court, while he was representing our imperiled country among those who waited, not without hope, that they should be privileged to witness its ruin. There was something of poetic justice in the felicitous disposal of affairs which allowed Mr. C. F. Adams, with such signal ability, prudence and calmness of spirit as to have secured to himself that rare tribute, universal approval, to represent in its time of peril the same nation which his grandfather had represented at its birth, at the court of its former sovereign.

The record contained within these pages is that of a noble, heroic, and most serviceable life. Crowded as it was with honors, it was more crowded with labors. The crowning glory of it was that in the calm of a protracted old age the full reward of its varied and conspicuous patriotic achievements was realized, in the dying away of the strifes, the disproof of the calumnies, and the explanation of all the misunderstandings and false representations, that had sprung from the heats of party passion.

Let these instructive volumes, exciting enough now in their contents to engage the passions of young readers, have so general a perusal as to foster a true patriotism for the struggles to which the coming ages are to subject it.

G. E. E.

A LATIN PRIMER, or first book of Latin for boys and girls, has been prepared by Rev. Joseph H. Allen and published by Ginn Brothers & Co., Boston. Its object is to teach children Latin without tasking them, before coming to the drill of the Grammar. The plan is excellent, and the selections well adapted to the end. It is amusing to see Mother Goose done into Latin verse, but the children will enjoy it much while learning Latin words and phrases. Easy readings from the Bible from history, and from Hiawatha, give an agreeable variety. We subjoin Mr. Allen's preface to show his plan and object:—

"This book is designed for a class of learners too young to use the 'Grammar' or 'Lessons' to advantage, including those who have not yet studied English grammar. While the inevitable drill-book had better be left till they are some years older, I do not see why intelligent children of ten or twelve—as the way was, forty or fifty years ago—should not learn to know Latin and enjoy it in some of its simpler forms; which, indeed, seems to me the best possible introduction to a systematic school course. But, to serve this end, it must be taught, first of all, *as a living and flexible tongue*, not in the abstract principles and method of its grammar; and, in the second place, by familiar use *in actual narrative and dialogue*, not by committing to memory disjointed examples and dry forms. "If we consent to regard it as a dead language merely, or study it as if it had no other than an antiquarian or a scientific interest, we cannot long uphold the general study of it at all. An easy and familiar reading knowledge of a language is worth incomparably more, to most students of it, than any supposed advantage in the study of its grammatical theory. These lessons aim to give as much of the grammar as is essential for this and no more."

The selections which follow have a vocabulary of considerable variety and range; and the learner who has mastered them all will be prepared, either for the severer method of a classical course, or (if old enough) for entering directly on a line of reading in the masterpieces of classical antiquity. s.

INSANITY IN WOMEN, by Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D., LL.D., treats of the causation, course and treatment of reflex insanity in women. It is a small work on a vitally important subject, from thoroughly competent authority. Lee & Shepard.

ONE YEAR, by Francis Mary Peard, a republication by H. H. & T. W. Carter, has received very high praise from the critics, but deserves it. It belongs to the best class of novels. It has

sweet and blessed pictures of real life, whose quiet influences, without being professedly religious, are really so, and steal over the reader with a sphere of the higher life. We intend to say something more of this book, and meanwhile we hope our readers will get it, assured that they will be richly paid for the time spent in its perusal. s.

WONDERS OF ENGRAVING, by George Duplessis, is another volume of the Wonder Series, published Charles Scribner. It is illustrated with thirty-four wood engravings, and is an interesting and curious history of this department of art in Italy, in Spain, the Low Countries, England, and France, with the origin of the art and a description of its processes, making a fair volume of 330 pp.

THE SILENT PARTNER. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Osgood & Co.

As a novel it is exceedingly well wrought and draws strongly upon the reader's sensibility. As a reformatory work, designed to expose the evils and abuses of factory life,—for such in fact it is,—we question very much its expediency and value. For that end let us have the facts plain and simple without the fiction, and then we shall know what to believe and how much, and we shall know a great deal better what to do.

THE GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE is a hand-book of instruction on the proper management and economical use of gas, with a full description of gas-metres, and instructions for ascertaining the consumption by metre, with hints on ventilation, and how to avoid accidents. It is copiously illustrated. A volume published by Alexander Moore.

WAR POWERS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. Military Arrests, Reconstruction, and Military Government. Also, now first published, War Claims and Aliens. With notes on the acts of the Executive and Legislative Departments during our Civil War, and a collection of cases decided in the National Courts. By William Whiting. Forty-third edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Whiting's position, as legal adviser to President Lincoln in regard to the war powers of the government during the greater part of our civil war, has probably given to his opinions on these

subjects a greater direct and practical influence than has ever been exercised by any other man in this country. We remember how powerless the President was supposed to be at the breaking out of the rebellion. Pamphlets on martial law by some of the greatest legal minds of the nation seemed not to recognize the necessities of war, but placed our government entirely at the mercy of the insurgents. The opposite opinions, then stated by Mr. Whiting, presented the only grounds on which a civil war could be carried on by the government. We are not competent judges of such works. But we suppose that this is not only the most valuable and complete, but that it is the only complete work of its kind, and that it is likely to be the only recognized authority on the matters of which it treats.

SERMONS, preached upon several occasions, by Robert South, D.D.
5 vols. Vols. IV., V. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

These substantial volumes make a part of the Library of old English Divines which is issued under the editorial supervision of Prof. Shedd, formerly of Andover, and now of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. It is hardly worth the while at this late day to speak of South, who is universally known as one of the most able and pungent of English sermon writers. There are passages of homely wit, of vehement and coarse invective, of powerful logic, and of the most penetrating spiritual insight. Sometimes he is violent and unreasonable in his invectives, and then he rises into the calmest, holiest regions of spiritual meditation.

AD FIDEM: or, Parish Evidences of the Bible. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D. Boston: Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

We should like to write a long review of this book, recognizing its merits of style, temper, thought, and at the same time exposing what seem to us its serious defects. As lectures from a minister to his own people trained from childhood in the doctrines which he would inculcate, they may help to keep them where they are, while they have no other teachers. But as arguments addressed to those who have begun to doubt, or as safeguards to young men from the preacher's own flock when they leave him and become familiar with the larger thought of the day, they do not seem to us very satisfactory or effective. And they will cease to be either satisfactory or effective just in proportion as those for whom they are intended go beyond the catechism, and from their familiarity with the scientific

thought of the age need some powerful corrective to the skeptical tendencies around them.

CULTURE AND RELIGION IN SOME OF THEIR RELATIONS. By J. C Shairp. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This little volume, containing five lectures delivered before college students at St. Andrews in Scotland, is one which we commend especially to young persons for its scholarly tone and character, for its Christian spirit, for the marks of liberal and Christian culture which it bears, and for the weighty suggestions and counsels which it conveys. With educated persons it will do a great deal more to establish their faith than Dr. Burr's book. But each has its sphere.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF HUGH MILLER. By Peter Bayne, M.A. 2 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The early life of Hugh Miller, his struggles for knowledge, his geological discoveries, his enthusiastic love of science and religion, the energy with which he threw himself into the religious movements of his age, and the sad circumstances connected with his death, not only make his biography full of instruction, but endow it with a romantic interest. We are very glad to welcome these two volumes.

GUTENBERG, and the Art of Printing. By Emily C. Pearson. Boston: Noyes, Holmes, & Co.

This book, in its print, paper, and binding, is beautifully got up, and its literary execution is worthy of being set off by so fair an exterior. It gives a pleasant insight into the times to which it relates, and brings before us vividly the men to whom we owe the art of printing. It also describes very intelligibly the processes by which books are produced now in the largest and most complete printing establishments.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. By Julia Crouch. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is quite interesting, and likely to find many readers, though it is entirely free from anything of the sensational order. It is written in the same style as Mrs. Alcott's "Little Women," and very similar to that in plot, and, like most imitations, it is inferior to the original.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In style, sentiment, vigor of thought, and marks of intellectual and religious culture, this little book is very much above the common stories of the day, and we gladly commend it to any one who wishes to take home or to carry with him in journeying a pleasant, thoughtful, intelligent companion. We give a single passage:—

“Of all shallow vulgarities, the vulgarity of gentility in religion is the meanest, and betrays want of breeding the most. In our dear, old, provincial England, we associate bishops and the church service with ladies and gentlemen; extempore prayers and earnest preaching with shopkeepers and the middle class. But a truly ignorant, under-bred aspect there is in all this, as if any religion were worth professing which did not obliterate all social distinctions and put every one on a level.”

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

All who have read Hans Christian Andersen's stories (and who has not?) will be glad to read this story of his life, which is marked by the same charming qualities as his other writings.

MAX KROMER; A story of the Siege of Strasburg. 1870. New York: Dodd & Mead. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

An interesting and, as all war stories must be, a painful story, not without lights as well as shadows.

MONEY, a sermon by Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, has the simplicity, earnestness, and directness which make Mr. Hepworth's appeals to the heart and conscience so effective.

TRANSCENDENTALISM, and **THE FACTS OF CONSCIOUSNESS**, and the Philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, are the titles of two remarkable pamphlets by Mr. William B. Greene, and will furnish what William Corbett would call “a bone to gnaw,” to those who have a liking for such hard problems in Psychology. We look upon Mr. Greene as an able and independent writer, less satisfactory, perhaps, than he would be were it not for the slight excess of individualism which marks his productions.

THE CONGREGATIONAL QUARTERLY, for April, looks well, but we have only had time to judge of it by its looks.